VOGUE

FEBRUARY 15

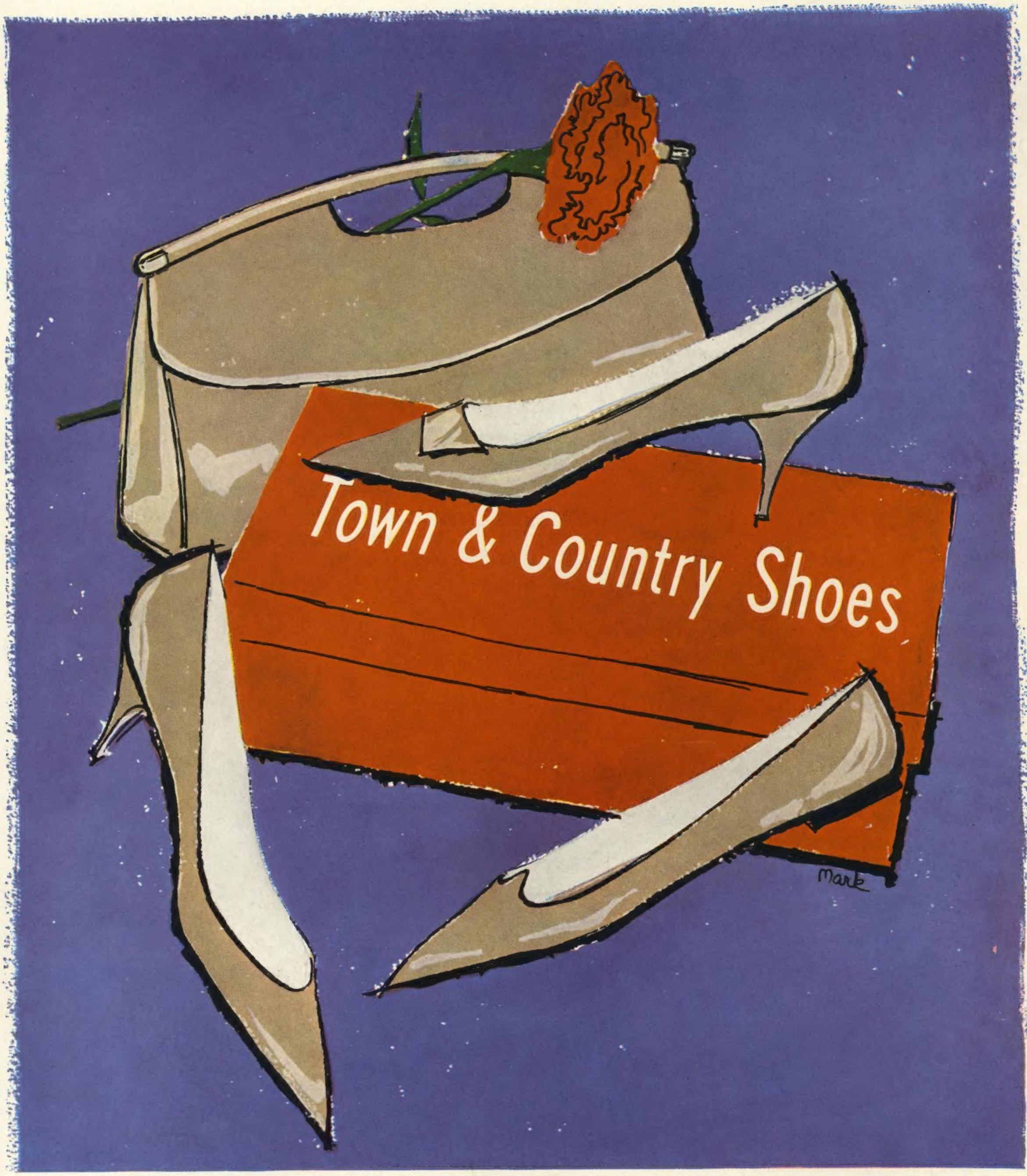
Hats
to make
you
a beauty

How to stay
10 lbs. thinner

More Taste than Money
in fashions and furniture

Pattern Wardrobe based on a Shirt

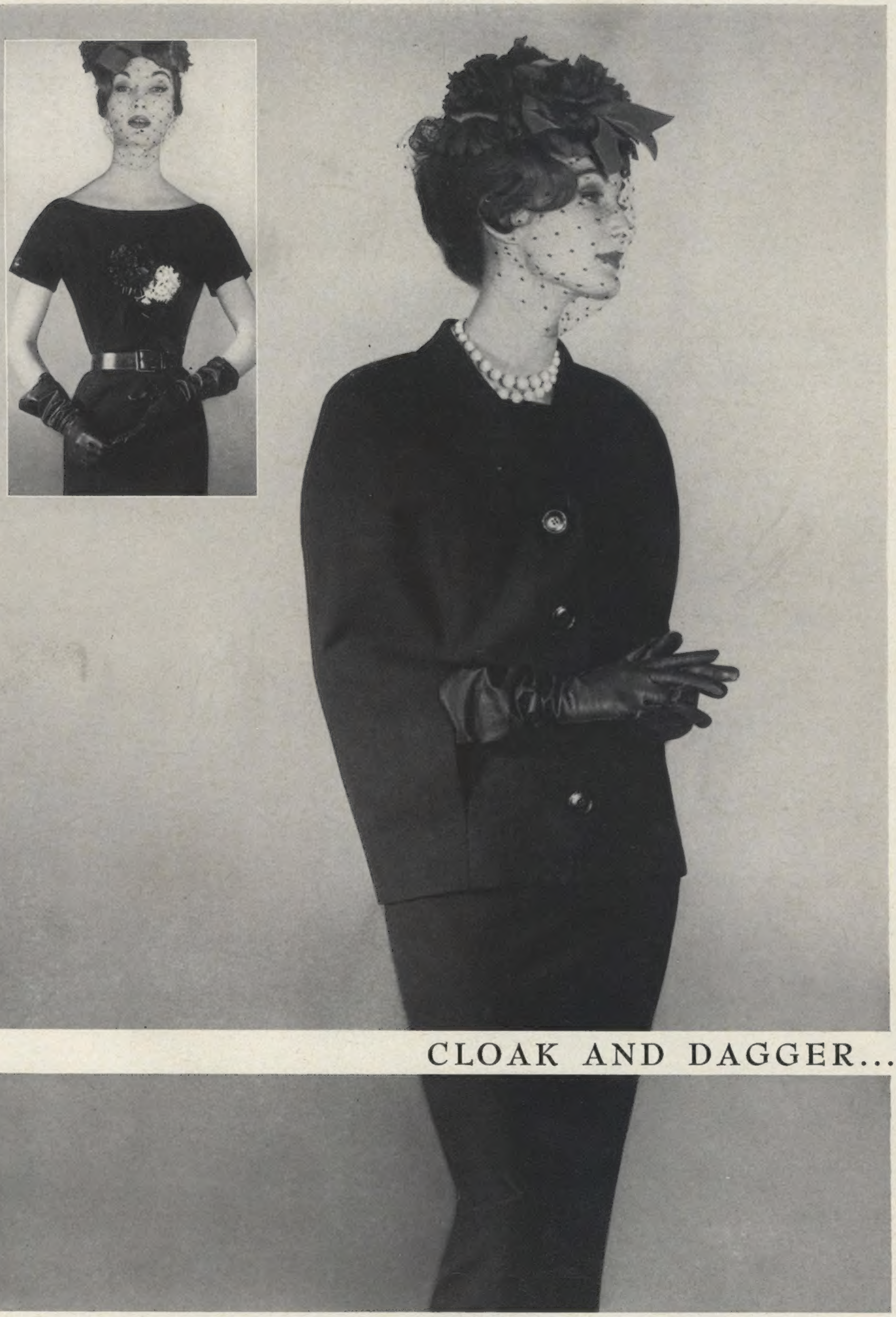
50 CENTS COPYRIGHT 1957 THE CONDÉ NAST PUBLICATIONS INC.



T & C's Tico . . . a New Point in Fashion, 3 way Terrific

THE NEW TAPERED PUMPS, HERE IN SPRING'S PALE IMPORTANT GIN FIZZ CALF, A NEW NEUTRAL THAT GOES WITH EVERYTHING.
MID-HIGH HEEL, SUITMATE: MID-MID HEEL, COUNTESS: FLAT HEEL, ZENITH. BAG, OPEN HOUSE.
8.95 TO **12.95** THE PAIR. MATCHING HANDBAGS, **5.00** TO **11.95** PLUS TAX.
FOR NAME OF STORE, WRITE TOWN & COUNTRY SHOES, EMPIRE STATE BLDG., NEW YORK 1, NEW YORK

America's Best Fashion Shoe Value



CLOAK AND DAGGER... BONWIT TELLER

beautiful Bonwit innovation for Spring. Larry Aldrich sweeps a tuxedo cape over the most feminine sheath for an entirely new costume fashion. Navy worsted serge in misses' sizes, 175.00 Shown with our diablo leaf hat. Designers' Salon

New York White Plains Chicago Cleveland Boston



Stilettoe

Spring's counterpoint

About $18 (slightly higher Denver west).
For store names, write Mademoiselle Shoes
Empire State Building, New York 1

mademoiselle®

the fashion shoe

COPYRIGHT 1957, THE CONDÉ NAST PUBLICATIONS INC. THE ENTIRE CONTENTS OF VOGUE INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR—TEXT AND ILLUSTRATIONS—ARE PROTECTED BY COPYRIGHT IN THE UNITED STATES AND COUNTRIES SIGNATORY TO THE BERN CONVENTION AND THE PAN AMERICAN CONVENTION. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. TITLE VOGUE INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE. VOGUE IS PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY EXCEPT FOR THE MONTHS OF MAY, JUNE, JULY, AND DECEMBER, WHEN IT IS PUBLISHED MONTHLY, BY THE CONDÉ NAST PUBLICATIONS INC. VOGUE, FRENCH VOGUE, HOUSE & GARDEN, BRITISH HOUSE & GARDEN, FRENCH HOUSE & GARDEN, GLAMOUR, VOGUE PATTERN BOOK). EDITORIAL AND ADVERTISING OFFICES: 420 LEXINGTON AVENUE, NEW YORK 17, N.Y. EXECUTIVE AND PUBLISHING OFFICES: GREENWICH, CONNECTICUT. ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER AT THE POST OFFICE AT GREENWICH, CONNECTICUT, UNDER THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879. SUBSCRIPTIONS $7.50 A YEAR, $12 FOR TWO YEARS, $17 FOR THREE YEARS, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE. TO POINTS OUTSIDE CANADA, U.S.A., AND POSSESSIONS, $15 PER YEAR. SINGLE COPIES FIFTY CENTS IN U.S. AND CANADA. $1 ALL OTHER COUNTRIES. FOUR WEEKS ARE REQUIRED FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS. IN ORDERING A CHANGE, WRITE TO VOGUE, GREENWICH, CONNECTICUT; GIVE BOTH NEW AND OLD ADDRESS AS PRINTED ON LAST WRAPPER.

AMERICAN VOGUE

JESSICA DAVES
Editor-in-Chief

ALEXANDER LIBERMAN
Art Director

Senior Editors:
ALLENE TALMEY, Feature Editor
PRISCILLA PECK, Art Editor
MARGARET CASE

Managing Editor:
CAROL PHILLIPS

Fashion Editors:
NICOLAS DE GUNZBURG
CATHERINE McMANUS
BABS SIMPSON
KATHRYNE HAYS
MARGARET INGERSOLL
DENISE LAWSON-JOHNSTON
DESPINA MESSINESI
GRACE MIRABELLA
BETTY RHINEHART
RUTH SUBLETTE
CHESBROUGH RAYNER, Shop Hound
ELEANORE PHILLIPS, Los Angeles
SUSAN TRAIN, Paris

Executive Editor:
MILDRED MORTON

Beauty Editor:
BABS LEE

Associate:
CATHERINE GRAVETT

Copy Associates:
LYDIA McCLEAN
MAUREEN FOUNTAIN

Feature Associates:
ROSEMARY BLACKMON
MARY ROBLEE

Fashions in Living:
ALISON BISGOOD

Travel Editor:
EVELYN CLARK

Contributing Editors:
MAB WILSON
MILLICENT FENWICK
THOMAS W. PHIPPS

Copy Executive:
JEANNE BALLOT

Layout:
MARCEL GUILLAUME
JACK MOGNAZ
G. WOODFORD PRATT

Merchandising Service:
DOROTHY PARK, MARY JANE POOL

Men's Merchandising Editor:
ARTHUR TODD

Advertising Director:
HAROLD B. HOLTZ

Advertising Manager:
WILLIAM C. STOWELL

Eastern Advertising Manager:
RICHARD McMAHON

NEW ENGLAND OFFICE
Statler Building, Boston 16, Mass.
Manager: John Brunelle

WESTERN OFFICE
Wrigley Building, Chicago 11, Ill.
Manager: Harold S. Zewiske

PACIFIC COAST OFFICE
631 S. Westmoreland Ave., Los Angeles 5, Cal.
Manager: Robert J. Lapham

BRITISH VOGUE
37 Golden Square, London W. 1.
Editor: Audrey Withers
Chairman: Harry W. Yoxall
Managing Director: R. A. F. Williams

FRENCH VOGUE
4 Place du Palais Bourbon, Paris 7
Editorial Director: Michel De Brunhoff
Editor: Edmonde Charles-Roux
Ass't to Publisher: Henry Bertrand

VOGUE IS PUBLISHED BY THE CONDÉ NAST PUBLICATIONS INC.
Editorial and Advertising Offices
420 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N.Y.
Telephone — LExington 2-7500

Edna Woolman Chase, Editor Emeritus
I. S. V.-Patcévitch, President
Frank F. Soule, Vice Pres. and Adv. Dir.
Benjamin Bogin, Vice Pres. and Treasurer
Mary E. Campbell, Secretary
Perry L. Ruston, Business Mgr.

VOGUE

INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR

There are three Vogues: American, French, British I. S. V.-PATCÉVITCH Publisher

FEBRUARY 15, 1957



VOGUE

KAREN RADKAI

COVER

One of the new spring hats taking a complete U-turn from the hats that have been: satin cloche with a fit and a print like wallpaper roses (wallpaper background, too—the latter from Piazza Prints). Hat, by Adolfo of Emme: also at Hudson's; I. Magnin. David Webb colour—diamonds, sapphires, emeralds. Flowery constant on the lips: the smoothness of Red Splendor Constant Color lipstick by Frances Denney.

FASHION

49 Vogue's eye view of working with what you have
50-59 Hats on the beautiful side
66 New points in coats and accessories
68-75 What's new with what; shoe news
76-86 More-Taste-than-Money fashions
87 The cotton glove—its new longer length
88-91 Vogue Pattern wardrobe based on a shirt
98-101 Nightdresses: white with colour
102 The maillot cut: foundation news
104 The dressmaker blouse

DIET

92 "Your Energy and Your Diet." By Dr. Ancel Keys
94 How to Stay 10 Lbs. Thinner: a condensation of the findings of Vogue's Diet Authority
116 Vogue's classic "Diet X"

OTHER FEATURES • ARTICLES • PEOPLE

26 "The Rationalist at the Roulette Table." By Louise Tanner
60 Sir Lewis Casson and Dame Sybil Thorndike
61 People Are Talking About . . .
62 Miss Serena Rhinelander Stewart; Miss Carola de Peyster Kittredge
63 Miss Burks Bingham; Miss Margaret Phyllis Polk
64 "A Stick of Green Candy." By Jane Bowles
106 Gossipy Memo: More Travel than Money
118 "10:30 at the Old Bailey." By Sybille Bedford
124 "On Not Rising to the Occasion." By Elizabeth Bowen

FASHIONS IN LIVING

106 White bedroom decorated with a view
108-111 Xanadu on another shore: the beach house of Mr. and Mrs. John Bryce at Nassau, B.W.I.
112-115 More-Taste-than-Money furniture: three room schemes

BEAUTY

94-97 Seven slimming exercises
122 Discoveries in beauty

DEPARTMENTS

28b Vogue's School and Camp Directory
46 Shop Hound

Vol. 129, No. 4
Whole No. 1984



stripes of spring—

our costume idea for the bright new season—

tie-silk stripes to flare a crisp feminine jacket—to crown a

soft scooped sheath beneath. Navy, white and royal

tie-silk on navy wool; 10-14 sizes; 265.00.

Dress Collections. Hat by our own Tatiana.

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

NEW YORK • WHITE PLAINS • CHICAGO • DETROIT • BEVERLY HILLS • SAN FRANCISCO • PITTSBURGH • PHILADELPHIA • MIAMI BEACH • PALM BEACH • ST. LOUIS



rounds of spring—

our well rounded fashion cut slim and soft in rare pure baby llama. Wraps you in cloud-light

fashion in beige or navy; 8-14 sizes; 265.00.

In textured navy wool; 6-16 sizes; 175.00.

Coat Collections. Hat by our own Tatiana.

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

NEW YORK • WHITE PLAINS • CHICAGO • DETROIT • BEVERLY HILLS • SAN FRANCISCO • PITTSBURGH • PHILADELPHIA • MIAMI BEACH • PALM BEACH • ST. LOUIS

*Philip Hulitar



BERGDORF GOODMAN • I. MAGNIN • MONTALDO'S • NEIMAN MARCUS • BLUM'S VOGUE



YOUR SPRING

PLANNING

SHOULD INCLUDE

ROW UPON ROW OF PLEATS!

FROM THE JOSEPH MAGNIN

DESIGNER'S ROOM

COLLECTIONS,

A BEAUTIFULLY

ADAPTABLE

JACKET-DRESS OF

IMPORTED, LIGHTWEIGHT

WOOL. THE DRESS

IS A MASTERPIECE OF

PURE SIMPLICITY,

FASHION PERFECTION

WITH OR WITHOUT

ITS OWN TAILORED

JACKET. 8 TO 16

IN GREY, 198.95

JOSEPH

MAGNIN

SAN FRANCISCO,

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

AND NEVADA



Freshwater Baroque...

rimmed with fake diamonds and old golden settings.

Single dangle bracelet, 4.00 Four-baroque bracelet, 12.50 Triple dangle bracelet, 7.50 Button earrings, 6.00 All plus tax

bergere, 392 Fifth Avenue, New York

BONWIT TELLER, NEW YORK & CLEVELAND HARZFELD'S, KANSAS CITY CHAS. A. STEVENS, CHICAGO HIMELHOCH'S, DETROIT JOSEPH MAGNIN, CALIFORNIA



Point

with your

toe...

from the
dazzling height of a
rapier- thrust heel,
for the most
elegant lines between two points.
Herewith, the apex of chic—
black-and-bejewelled
patent, scarlet-with-white
calf—impeccably crafted,
magnificently

Marquise

14.95 and **16.95**

others 18.95

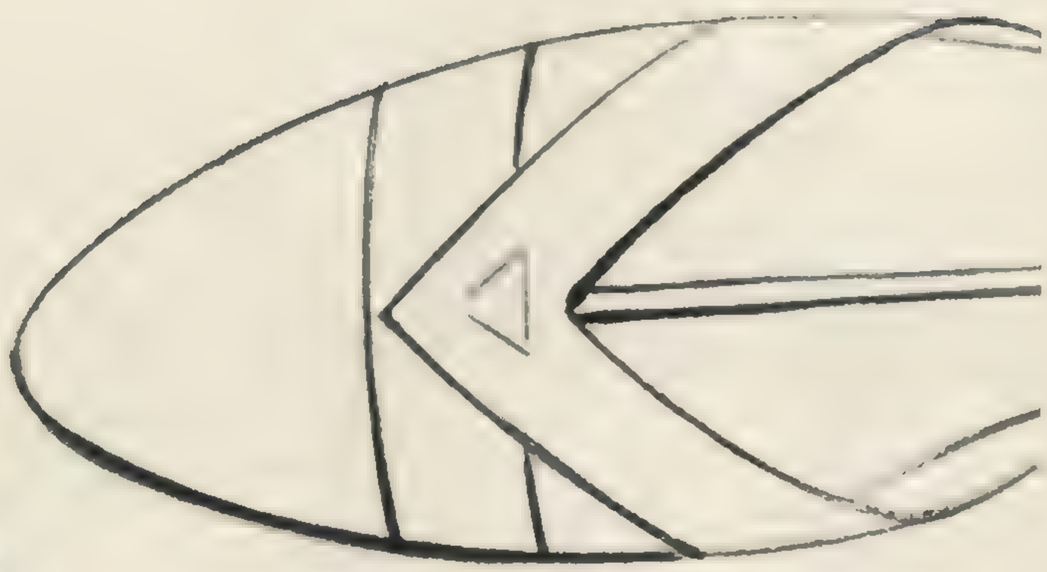
Marquise

ORIGINALS

WOHL SHOE COMPANY • SAINT LOUIS, MISSOURI • A Division of Brown Shoe Company



the **NEW**



BRITISH

WALKERS

are **HANDSOMER**



than **EVER**

BRITISH WALKERS

47 WEST 34th STREET
ROOM 704
NEW YORK 1, NEW YORK

BEN GERSHEL



by Robert Knox



FLOWERING VERBENA SILK SURAH SHORT SLEEVED SHEATH WITH JEWEL EMBROIDERED BOAT NECKLINE. BLENDING EMBROIDERED CASHMERE CARDIGAN. MAIZE OR PALE BLUE. COSTUME ABOUT $145. 550 SEVENTH AVENUE, NEW YORK



Hattie Carnegie

—from hat to hem:

waffle pique hat;

weskit-front dress in linear tissue worsted or baby check worsted (on Hattie Carnegie miniature) or Pompeii silk,

not shown; golden jewelry twisted with brilliants; Carnegie Blue cologne. 6 oz. package with gold-plated atomizer, 5.00 plus tax.

I. Magnin & Co., CALIF. & SEATTLE *Martha Weathered,* CHICAGO *Wm. H. Block,* INDIANAPOLIS *Swanson's,* KANSAS CITY *Smart Shop,* HOUSTON

PHOTO: WM. KENNEDY

SHEER

GLAMOUR

THAT

DOESN'T

RUN AWAY

Oh so sheer, but never fear!

If you have a fit when your stockings go

pfff-t . . . reach for Bur-Mil Cameo Dubbelife,

sheer twin-thread stockings.

Not only do they fit to perfection,

but if one thread breaks, the other holds!

$1.35 to $1.65 a pair (in stretch, too)

at the nicest stores.

bur-mil Cameo

dubbelife

sheer twin-thread stockings
outwear other
sheer nylons 2 to 1



BURLINGTON HOSIERY COMPANY A MEMBER OF BURLINGTON INDUSTRIES

Available in Canada through Burlington Industries (Canada) Ltd. Made by Patentex Process. U.S. Patent No. 2,771,759. © 1957 BHC



a younger look- another life with FIRMO-LIFT

Your throatline clear, beautifully defined—the contours of your face firm, uplifted, young—your brow unfurrowed and serene. Miss Arden brings you all this through the magic of the famous Firmo-Lift Treatment. (With your own two hands you apply it skillfully, easily, according to the method developed in the Elizabeth Arden salons around the world.)

Firmo-Lift Lotion to tighten and firm a relaxed skin. 3.00, 5.00, 8.00, 10.00

Firmo-Lift Salon Treatment Oil to help erase deep lines. 2.00, 3.75, 10.00

Hormone Cream to smooth, soften and help revitalize the skin. 3.50, 6.50, 12.00

Elizabeth Arden.

NEW YORK PARIS LONDON

Ask to see Elizabeth Arden's Invisible Veil Face Powder—the finest powder in the world. 5.00, 2.75 —— prices plus tax

Air Step cuts the

patent pump with new

grace. Accents it with an

open grosgrain buckle.

Sets it with great

delicacy on a

long-stemmed heel

... just for you.

12.95

Other styles, 8.95 to 12.95
Higher Denver West and Canada



KISMET ... THE NEW SLENDER SILHOUETTE IN PATENT



YOU CAN FEEL
THE SOFT COMFORT
OF AIR STEP'S
MAGIC SOLE

Air Step®

AIR STEP DIVISION, BROWN SHOE COMPANY, ST. LOUIS. ALSO MANUFACTURED IN CANADA BY SCOTT SHOE COMPANY, LTD., GALT, ONTARIO



STARFIRE 98 HOLIDAY SEDAN

Majestic STARFIRE 98 BY OLDSMOBILE

It's a proud moment for the guest who arrives in a Starfire 98! Clean lines and the crisp color of the exclusive *Accent Stripe* mark the choice of a connoisseur. There's the reward of effortless performance from the Rocket T-400 Engine . . . the smoothness of Jetaway Hydra-Matic . . . the precision control of Power Steering and Power Brakes—all standard equipment, of course!

Your Oldsmobile Quality Dealer invites you to be his guest . . . soon.

Come take the wheel of this most majestic Oldsmobile . . . the magnificent Starfire 98!


Some people can't—Capezio® people can
CAPEZIO, THE DANCER'S COBBLER SINCE 1887



Water-Knit by Gantner of California. About $20. Photographed at Round Hill, Jamaica.

The girl in the Gantner bathing suit

THE GIRL is serene. She has her reasons. The hush of siesta, the whisper of surf, a book of poems—and her new Gantner bathing suit.

Gantner thinks of a bathing suit as a cosmetic. It should help you look more beautiful. It should help you feel more secure.

It must never make you self-conscious. It must never induce that deplorable beach spectacle—the tug-up and the tug-down.

Here is our guide to serenity in the sun. One—*good taste*. Gantner doesn't know how to make a garish bathing suit. Two—*superb tailoring*. Gantner studies your figure going and coming, fore and aft. Three—*no tickle*. Gantner yarns have their whiskers removed before knitting. Four—*no zippers!*

Go to the best store you know. Gantner has a dreamy choice of colors, textures and styles. Some are quietly daring. All consider your ego. Write Gantner of California, San Francisco 3. In New York, call WIsconsin 7-0987.



Blairmoor chooses "Orlon"* acrylic fiber to give this sweater spring's own fabulous luxury and freedom from all but the easiest of care . . . and spirits you into the season's lightest mood! Sizes 34 to 40. About $11. In aqua dawn, pink, white and yellow—all with gray trim. At Bloomingdale's; Carson Pirie·Scott; Strawbridge & Clothier; The May Co., Los Angeles.

*"ORLON" IS DU PONT'S REGISTERED TRADEMARK FOR ITS ACRYLIC FIBER. DU PONT MAKES FIBERS, DOES NOT MAKE THE YARN OR SWEATER SHOWN HERE



THAT AYRES LOOK – this time caught in the old section of Caracas where its unpretentious chic charms the schoolboys—deep femininity turned into a shaped suit by Irene, a coachman's hat by John Frederics. For a long, long time, L. S. Ayres & Company of Indianapolis has been devoted to this look in fashion that's just a dot ahead of its time and quiet about its elegance. Photographed in Venezuela by Derujinsky.



fabulous
this
Spring...
Black
Patent
Leather
Shoes



SETON

the name for fine patent leather...choice of leading makers



...IN EXQUISITE FORM THE LADY IS YOU!



So relaxed, so sure of your figure-beauty! Here you are in Hi-Low Witchery, a bit of enchantment that uses flat, flexible Ribbon Wire* to outline each cup individually . . . does away with any harsh center wire . . . gives you day long comfort, with seductive contours! Try Hi-Low Witchery today—and you'll always ask for Exquisite Form bras.

A, B, C, and D cups in bandeau and long-line styles. White or black lace bandeau . . . style 408 (illus.) $5 . . . embroidered cotton . . . style 407, ***$3.50.*** *D cup slightly higher.*

—LOUNGING COSTUME BY DYNASTY

At Your Favorite Store, or Write to Dept. V2, Exquisite Form Brassiere, Inc., 159 Madison Ave., N.Y.C. for Nearest Store. *T.M. REG.



LORD & TAYLOR—all stores, I. MAGNIN—all stores, MONTALDO'S—all stores, BRAMSON'S—Chicago, Ill., KAUFMANN'S—Pittsburgh, Pa., RICH'S—Atlanta, Ga.
HARRY FRECHTEL, INC., 205 WEST 39TH STREET, NEW YORK 18, NEW YORK



A hat makes you look prettier...and feel it, too!

From now on, resolve to wear a hat. Partly because you're more feminine in a hat . . . partly because you're more attractive in a hat . . . mostly because your man likes the way you look in a hat.

MILLINERY INSTITUTE OF AMERICA

The rationalist at the roulette table

BY LOUISE TANNER

Monte Carlo . . . San Remo . . . Biarritz . . . Cannes . . . To me these are magic words. From earliest childhood the casinos of the world have beckoned me. In my youth I was much given to clandestine feasting on tales of the French Foreign Legion. I dreamed of one day moving through the society of craven cosmopolites, where young men lost at roulette and plunged to their deaths in the Mediterranean.

I come out of my corner like an old fire horse at the magic words *faites vos jeux*. Yet heredity is against my ever becoming a really big-time gambler. The blue waters of the Mediterranean have claimed few of my ancestors—a pragmatic bunch given to such bromides as "Willful waste makes woeful want." Others may gamble away the baby's milk allowance—not me—not with my chromosomes. On my father's side I am heir to the sparing ways of several generations of flinty-eyed Vermont farmers. On my mother's, there is the cache-under-the-mattress mentality of the French *émigré*. Both branches have a common faith in Good Straight Talks; in the imminence of Armageddon; in the maxim that the knottiest problem will yield to the dictates of common sense.

Last summer, in the course of our wanderings through Europe, my husband and I pitted our wits against the wheels of fortune in several watering places. My husband soon became bored with it. I, on the other hand, approached the roulette table with what appeared to be a combination of French logic and Vermont thrift.

Mine was an unexciting formula for gambling without getting burned. It was known as the Gloom System. I aimed, not to break the bank, but merely to break even. The Gloom System has a cardinal article of faith: you can't win. If you're hoping to lift the mortgage, or put a down payment on a mink coat, you'll do better with a thrift account. I coldly computed how much I was going to lose in an evening. The game was to see how slowly it could be done. When the chips were gone, I quit. But the Gloom System paid me big emotional dividends. For ten dollars I could keep going for as long as two hours in the intoxicating world of E. Phillips Oppenheim. This was the high life.

With this Cassandra-like approach to the wheel, success often came as a pleasant little bonus. It was my custom to divide my bets into steak-and-potatoes bets and caviar bets. The steak-and-potatoes bets, odd or even, black or red paid only even money; first dozen, second dozen or third dozen bets paid only two to one. They are to gambling what the slow, steady rise in the telephone service is to a family income.

Whenever I had a modest steak-and-potatoes killing, I placed a caviar bet: for instance, a straight number at thirty-five to one. After a week in Monte Carlo, to my immense surprise, I was a cool three dollars ahead. Then the wheel gave me the one shock for which my temperament was unprepared—a resounding success.

On one fateful evening, I had been playing along with true French logic. I made a thousand francs on even. Then six times in a row, red came up. I had always prided myself on not being one of those dream-book-and-lucky-rabbit's-foot gamblers. Nothing but cold science for me. Law of averages. If it had been *rouge* for the last six times, could *noir* be far behind? I put 2,000 francs on the black, and two minutes later the croupier was shoveling 4,000 francs over to my place.

It was time for some caviar betting. I put some money down on a *carré*. Alas, there is a reason why caviar bets pay so well. The ball always lands on the number next to them. The seven came up when I bet on the six. For three rounds I bet on a six combination without ever hitting the mark. Soon I was down to my last 400 francs. With my back to the wall, I made the caviarest of all caviar bets. I put my two chips on the zero.

The croupier rolled the ball. The sweet-faced old lady next to me went on jotting numbers down on a pad. At no time in the evening had she put up so much as a sou. A bull-necked man with a German accent put five 1,000-franc chips out on the board, and dashed off to another table where he was presiding over yet a second hectic game. Players began deluging the croupier with last minute offerings. The wheel started to spin. Round and round went the eyes of the whole table, in that ludicrous collective movement.

"Ah. the terrible involvement on those faces!" I moralized. "How awful it must be to care." The eyes all stopped abruptly as the ball came to rest on zero, with a payoff at thirty-five to one.

The bull-necked German and the black-crêped old vulture looked at me with mingled rage and admiration, as the big stack of 1,000-franc chips were pushed over in my direction.

"Cash your chips in. Never darken the door of this casino again," my Cassandra voice whispered. But as the chips piled up in front of me, the bull-necked man, the mad old "*systemmaire*" were suddenly my comrades, bound together in a mystical brotherhood. Mentally I lapsed into the purple idiom of the Foreign Legion magazine. "I can read respect in their eyes," I thought, "those desperate beings whose lives are made or broken by the croupier—Hangman of Hope."

With a blinding clarity, I suddenly knew that the next number was going to be low. Before the fascinated eyes of my fellow gamblers, I took the whole sum off zero, and put 14,000 francs with my own hand on the first dozen at two to one. If I won, I'd get about $85. *Pas mal.* (Success always gave me a spurious fluency in the Gallic idiom.) My fantasy life was proceeding at a feverish pitch. "A masked woman moved coolly amid the roulette tables. 'And who is she?' asked a grizzled old gambler. 'Why does the wealthy Mr. Onassis always put his chip on the same square that she does?' 'He does so with reason. She has a strange, clairvoyant power. They call her *la veinarde*, the lucky one.'"

The wheel started to spin. For a moment my heart stopped beating. I leaned forward. The hunch of *la veinarde* had paid off. The number that came up was in the first dozen. The Foreign Legion denouement was complete.

(Continued on page 28d)

the bare-bac® bras by flexees



on opposite page are available at the following stores

California	Los Angeles: BULLOCK'S Los Angeles: MAY CO. Oakland: LOUISE ELLA SHOP
Colorado	Denver: DENVER DRY GOODS CO.
Connecticut	Hartford: G. FOX & CO.
Florida	Miami Beach: DE PINNA
Illinois	Chicago: MANDEL BROTHERS
Indiana	Indianapolis: WM. H. BLOCK CO.
Kentucky	Louisville: DURAND, INC. Louisville: KAUFMAN'S
Massachusetts	Boston: GILCHRIST CO. Boston: R. H. STEARNS CO.
Michigan	Detroit: HIMELHOCH'S Jackson: L. H. FIELD CO.
Minnesota	Minneapolis: POWERS DRY GOODS STORE St. Paul: SCHUNEMAN'S INC.
Nebraska	Omaha: HERZBERG'S INC. Omaha: J. L. BRANDEIS & SONS, INC.
New Jersey	East Orange: OPPENHEIM COLLINS Hackensack: OPPENHEIM COLLINS Morristown: OPPENHEIM COLLINS Newark: HAHNE'S Newark: KRESGE-NEWARK INC. Paterson: MEYER BROTHERS
New York	New York: BLOOMINGDALE'S New York: DE PINNA New York: FRANKLIN SIMON New York: OPPENHEIM COLLINS Brooklyn: ABRAHAM & STRAUS Buffalo: J. N. ADAM & CO. Buffalo: OPPENHEIM COLLINS Rochester: B. FORMAN CO. Rochester: SIBLEY, LINDSAY & CURR CO. Syracuse: C. E. CHAPPELL & SONS INC. Syracuse: DEY BROTHERS Troy: DENBY'S
Ohio	Akron: M. O'NEIL CO. Cincinnati: MCALPIN CO. Cleveland: MAY CO.
Pennsylvania	Allentown: HESS BROTHERS Philadelphia: BONWIT TELLER Philadelphia: OPPENHEIM COLLINS Pittsburgh: BOGGS & BUHL Pittsburgh: GIMBEL BROTHERS Pittsburgh: JOSEPH HORNE & CO. Fittsburgh: KAUFMANN'S Reading: POMEROY'S INC.
Tennessee	Nashville: TINSLEY'S
Utah	Salt Lake City: THE PARIS CO.
Virginia	Norfolk: RICE'S
Wisconsin	Milwaukee: ED. SCHUSTER & CO., INC.

or write Flexees, Inc.
417 Fifth Avenue, New York 16



BANDEAU 5.95



BASQUE (SHOWN ALSO AT RIGHT) 10.95



WAISTLINE 8.95



Dress by Estevez

Coffin

meeting
fashion
back-to-back

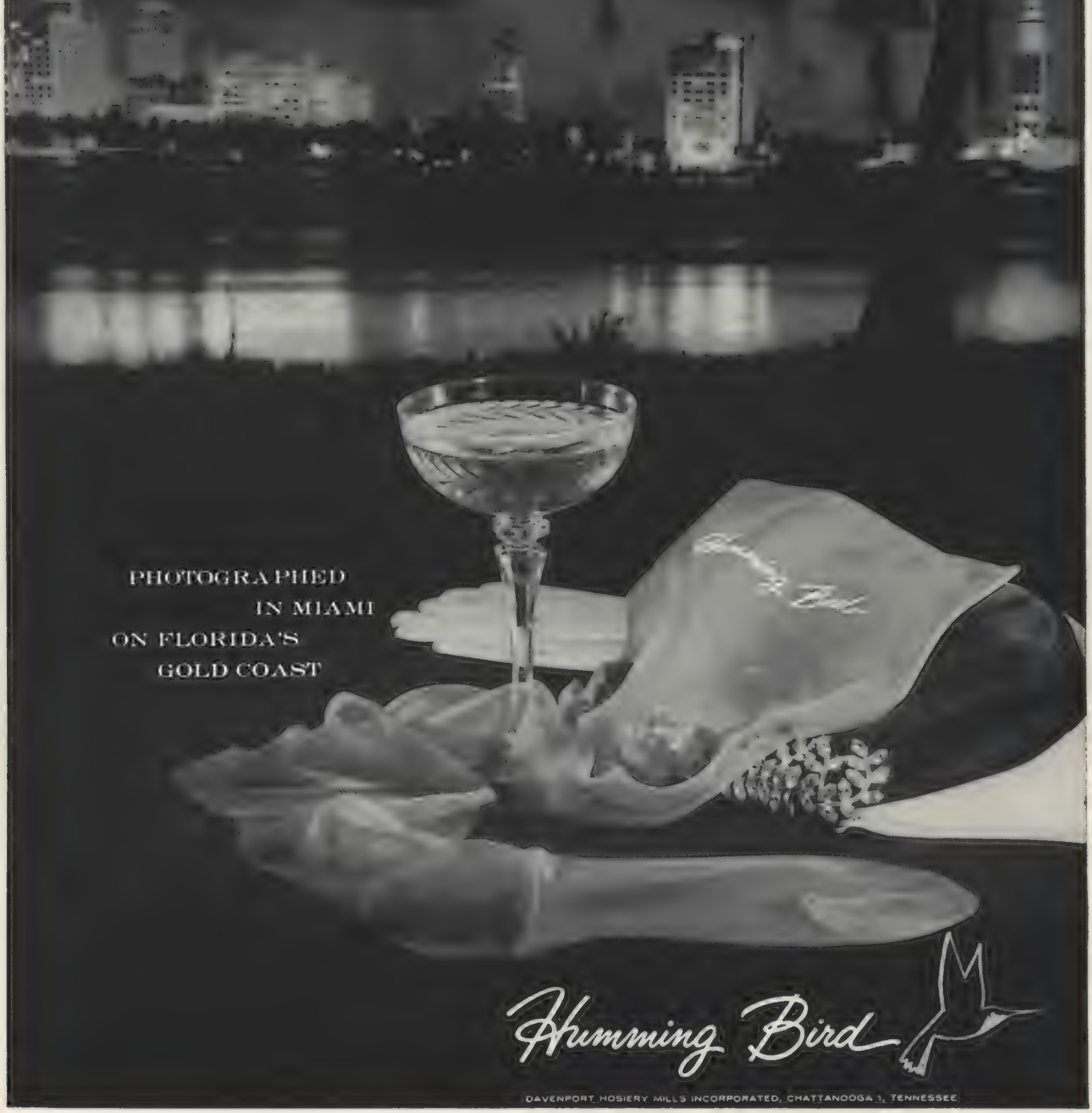
Flexees®

bare-bac®
bras

FRONT-FASTENED black or white nylon. 32-40, B, C. At fine stores everywhere.
Flexees, the world's loveliest foundations, 417 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N.Y.

HUMMING BIRD
SEAMLESS
STOCKINGS REALLY GET AROUND !

Always in the right places at the right time...now adding their
own seamless enchantment to the tropic scene.
Here as everywhere elegant women are selecting their favorite seamless styles and colours from
Humming Bird's divine collection, priced from $1.35 to $1.50 per pair.



PHOTOGRAPHED
IN MIAMI
ON FLORIDA'S
GOLD COAST

Humming Bird

DAVENPORT HOSIERY MILLS INCORPORATED, CHATTANOOGA 1, TENNESSEE

Don't miss Warner's television FASHION SHOW . . . a 60-minute preview of Spring's outstanding new fashions . . . NBC-TV, in color and black-and-white, Saturday, March 2nd.



Sonnet

Away with pinpoint pokes against the torso,
Nor choose between sweet comfort, and control!
The knell has tolled for woman's bulge and roll.
Have comfort with control that's even more so—
Now, by Warner's, at your favorite store! So
See! The circular springlets reach the goal:*
Flexible as woman's very soul—
To bend, to breathe, to sit, to come and go . . .

Sing out the name that firms but gives not pain
(If not you, then this shall hold her waist):
STA-FLAT—patented, not ever seen before.
These lovely rings that sprang from science's brain
And, wed with art, remake us! Sweet, make haste,
And ask for STA-FLAT at your nearest store!

STA-FLAT®
by
WARNER'S®

✻ Sta-Flat's lightweight springlets ◎ pocketed in the front panel, give never-before control with utter comfort! In over 20 Warner styles.



America's Most Famous Beauty Mark

Look for the salon displaying *The Skilled Hands of Beauty...* proud emblem of hairdressers chosen for superior artistry.

Nothing can compare with *professional care* for your hair.

RAYETTE

WORLD'S LARGEST CREATORS OF PROFESSIONAL BEAUTY PRODUCTS

VOGUE'S SCHOOL & CAMP DIRECTORY

For advice: write Vogue's School & Camp Bureau, 420 Lexington Ave., N.Y. 17, or call LE 2-7500

Horsemanship

MEADOWBROOK MANOR
RIDING FARM

Coed 13-18 yrs. Families, too. Instruction all forms of equitation. Swimming. Art lessons. July & August. Rates on request. By week or month. **Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Fuegle, R. D. #3, East Stroudsburg, Pa.**

Boys' Camp

KEEWAYDIN CANOE TRIPS

1893. Lake Temagami, Ontario. Boys 10-18. Native guides. Adventurous camping, excellent fishing. Tennis, baseball, sailing, shooting, other base camp activities between trips. Adult camp nearby. Catalog. **Howard V. Chivers, Hanover, N. H.**

Girls' Camps

PERRY-MANSFIELD

Steamboat Springs, Colo. 7 to 25 in 4 grps. Theatre Arts. Pack Trips. Riding and Leadership Courses. Address Portia V. Mansfield, before May 1, Box 1026, Carmel, Calif., or **Mrs. Oscar Rand, Peddie School, Hightstown, N. J. Tel. 8-0197M.**

CAMP COWASSET

Summer of fun on Cape Cod. All salt water sports, sailing, swimming. Riding, archery, tennis, crafts, music, dancing, dramatics. Trips. Log cabins in spicy pines. Ages 5-15, 4 groups. 42nd yr. Catalog. **Beatrice V. Hunt, Dir., Holbrook, Massachusetts.**

BELGIAN VILLAGE

Summer of fun, relaxation. Girls 6-16. Prvt. lake in Berkshires. Land, water sports; riding, tennis, shop, crafts, theatre, hiking, trips, animals, gardening. Spec. prog. older girls. Nurse. Strong staff. **Mary V. Beasley (AT 9-8220), 112 E. 90 St., N. Y. 28.**

PENKO
WINTHROP, MAINE

Seventy-five girls 6-16. Horseback riding and water sports. Modern camp homes. Numerous trips. Many electives. Address: **Mr. & Mrs. F. V. Penley, Directors, 76 Newport Ave., West Hartford, Connecticut.**

OGONTZ WHITE MT. CAMP

In New Hampshire. Girls 6-18. 750 acres on mountain lake. Rustic cabins. Swimming, sailing, canoeing, aquaplaning; form & trail riding; tennis, hockey, golf; art, crafts, music, dramatics. Trips. **Abby A. Sutherland, Box 300, Ogontz Center, Pa.**

TEELA-WOOKET

The Horseback Camps of Vermont. A glorious summer of riding, fun, adventure! Water sports, golf, tennis, archery. Dramatics, crafts. Trips. $395-$495, no extras. Outfit may be rented. Booklet (give age). **C. A. Roys, 38 Ordway Rd., Wellesley Hills, Mass.**

brownledge
Mallett's Bay, Vt. "One of America's finest camps."

FREE DAILY RIDING FOR ALL. Finest show horses, mounted lance drill, trail riding, jumping optional. Sailing, racing tactics, aquaplaning, dramatics, golf, tennis, archery, swimming, crafts, trips. NO EXTRA! **"THE COMPLETE AND DIFFERENT CAMP". NEW: BUFF LEDGE DIVISION**—GIRLS 7 and up, with added program for the younger girls. GIVE AGE. *Booklet both divisions.* Write winter office: **Mr. & Mrs. H. E. Brown, 18 Carver Ave., Box V, Scituate, Mass.**

HORSES — CHRIS CRAFT — Water Skiing

Travel

SHOESTRING TOURS, LTD.

1957 Student Tour to France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Denmark, Sweden, Norway & England. June 19-Aug. 10. Coed 17-24. Private bus. 1st Class hotels. Rate $1295. Catalogue on request. **Shoestring Tours, Ltd., Bancroft Hotel, Worcester, Massachusetts.**

Girls' School

CASTILLEJA SCHOOL

Founded by Mary I. Lockey in 1907. Day and resident school, preparing for eastern and western colleges. Garden, pool, year 'round outdoor sports. **Margarita Espinosa, A.M., Prin., Eleanor Huckvale, Asst., 1310 Bryant St., Palo Alto, California.**

Junior College

SOUTHERN SEMINARY

And Junior College. Accredited Jr. College & last 2 years High School. Music, Art, Drama, Home Ec., Phys. Education, Secretarial, Merchandising, Kindergarten Tr. Equitation. 91st Yr. **Margaret Durham Robey, Pres., Box 102-V, Buena Vista 1, Virginia.**

If you need more information about these or other schools, colleges and camps do not hesitate to write.

Retailing

TOBÉ COBURN
SCHOOL FOR FASHION CAREERS

Prepare for a career in buying, advertising, fashion coordination, radio/TV. One & Two Year Courses. Store work with pay. Placement service. Begins September 4. Catalog A. **851 Madison Ave., New York 21.**

RAY-VOGUE SCHOOLS
750 NORTH MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO

Write Registrar, Rm. 202. Intensive 1 year course. Fashion Merchandise incl. Buying, Modelling. Selling in stores Saturday with pay. Attractive dormitory for girls. (No connection with Vogue Magazine.)

Home Study

DRESS DESIGNING

Approved supervised home study training. Fine starting point for career. No classes. Text and work kit furnished. Low tuition & payments. Send for free booklet. **National School of Dress Design, 835 Diversey Parkway, Dept. 3382, Chicago 14, Ill.**

Learn INTERIOR DECORATION at Home

Fascinating field for men and women. Excellent starting point for career. Practical basic training. Approved supervised method. Low tuition. Easy payments. Send for FREE 24-page illustrated booklet, "Adventures in Interior Design & Decoration." No obligation.

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF INTERIOR DECORATION
835 Diversey Pkwy., Dept. 3382, Chicago 14, Ill.

Coeducational School

CHADWICK SCHOOL
ROLLING HILLS, CALIFORNIA

Coed, Country Day & Boarding. On Palos Verdes Peninsula, near Los Angeles. Grades 1-12, accredited. Member Calif. Assn. Independent Schools. Summer Sch. **Com. & Mrs. Joseph H. Chadwick, Directors.**

Fine & Applied Arts

Fashion

COURSES: Dress Design, Dressmaking, Fashion Merchandising with Modeling, Fashion Illustration also Interior Decoration, Commercial Art, Photography. Co-educational. Attractive School Residence for out-of-town Girls on Lake Shore Drive. Credits applicable to college degree. Enter 1st Monday each month. Write Registrar: Room 962. Give name of course desired.

RAY-VOGUE SCHOOLS
750 North Michigan Ave., Chicago
(No connection with Vogue Magazine)

NEW YORK SCHOOL OF INTERIOR DESIGN
SUMMER SESSION
SIX WEEKS' PRACTICAL COURSE

Starts July 8th. Faculty of leading decorators. Period and modern styles. *Send for Catalog S* **Home Study Course** starts at once. For those who cannot come to New York. *Send for Catalog C* **29 East 72nd St., New York 21, N. Y.**

TRAPHAGEN SCHOOL OF FASHION *For Results*

Training Here Pays Lifetime Dividends
Trade Methods in Minimum Time—Coed
ART DESIGN CLOTHING CONSTRUCTION INT. DECOR
Beginners & Advanced. Day, Eve., Sat. ***Register Now!***
Illustration, Sketch, Pattern, Dressmaking, Display. Our Graduates in Demand! Junior Sat. A.M. Class. Free Placement Bur. Send for Cir. I. Phone CO 5-2077.
TRAPHAGEN, 1680 Broadway (52d St.) N.Y. 19

COMMERCIAL Art

PHOTOGRAPHY & INTERIOR DECORATION—Professional training, individual advancement. Coeducational G.I. training available. Attractive residence for out-of-town girls on Lake Shore Drive. Enter 1st Monday each month. Write OFFICE OF REGISTRAR, Rm. 942. Specify course. **RAY-VOGUE SCHOOLS**
750 NORTH MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO 11.
(No connection with Vogue Magazine)

fashion academy

The School of Famous Graduates
FASHION DESIGN • • • ILLUSTRATION
STYLING·DRAPING·CONSTRUCTION

Personal analysis of individual aptitude for intensive training in all phases of fashion. Under direction Mrs. Emil Alvin Hartman. Enroll NOW Resident course Book 4 • Home Study Book 4H

312 FIFTH AVENUE (32nd St.) NEW YORK 21

WHAT WILL YOUR CHILD DO THIS SUMMER?

There are camps in the East, South, Middle West, Southwest, Far West—in the mountains, on lakes, and at the seashore. Some are listed here, and we have on file information about additional camps, trips, and summer schools. You may write these directors, or, if you wish, ask us for further information: Vogue's Camp Bureau, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, New York.

Name _____

Street address _____

City & State _____

Girl _____ *Boy* _____ *Age* _____

Type of camp preferred _____ *Location preferred* _____

Special interests _____ *Approximate fee anticipated* _____

2-15-57



Cancer can't strike me, I'm hiding.



Cancer?

The American Cancer Society says that too many people die of it, NEEDLESSLY! That's why I have an annual medical checkup however well I feel. I know the seven danger signals. And when I want sound information, I get it from my Unit of the

AMERICAN CANCER SOCIETY

"We'll be using them for years...



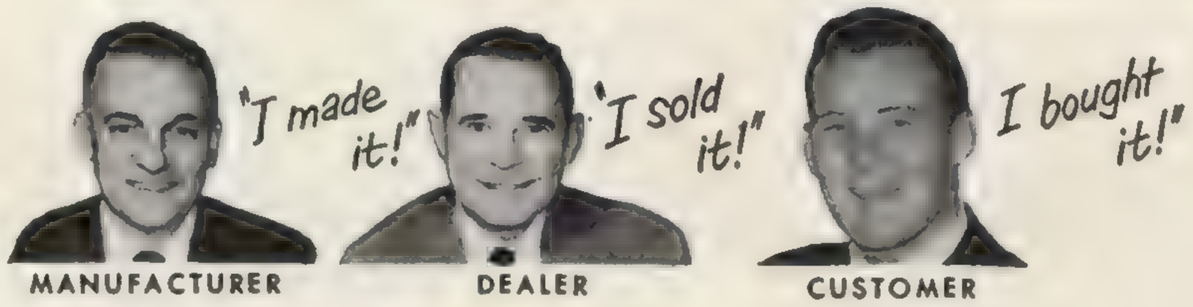
...that's why we pick the Brand that's made a Name for itself!"

EVERYTHING that goes into a new house takes a big bite out of the family budget. And it's all too true that you have to live with mistakes you make in buying . . . whether they be appliances, furniture, food, clothing or whatever. So buy brands that have made a name for themselves. You're bound to be satisfied.

FOUR WAYS BRAND NAMES SATISFY YOU MOST

1. **BUY WITH TRUST!**
   Spend *confidently* on known quality. Brand Names wear best, work best, taste best, are best.
2. **SHOP WITH EASE!**
   Spend *efficiently* on proved value. Brand Names save time "puzzling" over labels, models, prices, etc.
3. **ENJOY MORE CHOICE!**
   Spend *shrewdly* among widest selections. Brand Names offer the most in sizes, types, colors. flavors, etc.
4. **GET THE "LATEST"!**
   Spend *smartly* on up-to-date products. Brand Names keep improving, modernizing, introducing new things.

Advertisers in this magazine are good names to know. They're proud of their brands 'cause they satisfy so.



BRAND NAMES FOUNDATION, INC. • 437 Fifth Avenue • New York 16, N. Y.





The dressmaker blouse

Preview of the dressmaker blouse story on pp. 104-105: a suit blouse ready-to-go via a built-in necklace—four epaulet-like tabs. By Morlove, in pale-yellow Irish linen. $12. This, Marvella beads: Bonwit Teller.

THE ROULETTE TABLE

(Continued from page 26)

Involuntarily I reached out to rake in my winnings. To my horror the croupier swept them away. A strangled cry burst from my throat. Then suddenly I looked down at the green felt table and realized what had happened. My French had never been equal to explaining this particular bet to the croupier, so I'd put the chips down on the table myself. The croupier had obligingly stood aside in deference. The only trouble was that, in my excitement, I'd put the money down on the top dozen instead of the bottom one.

"You still have the original ten bucks," said my more rational self. "Now's the time to go home." But reason, the law of averages, and my ten dollars went out of the window, as I went on playing chip after chip, hoping once more to hit that perfidious zero.

Destitute, I finally started out into the night with the air of one about to leap under the blue train. The voice of my husband drifted from the bar, "There's nothing like gambling to show you what a cheap vice drink is."

Ten minutes before, I'd been a razor-sharp operator, bringing skill and Cartesian insights to what lesser minds considered a game of chance. Now I was the helpless victim of an international fix—sold out by lynx-eyed Levantines. (Before the debacle, the lynx-eyed croupier had particularly impressed me; I'd been about to suggest that he open a charm school for New York bus drivers.)

Outside, a woman with a problem similar to mine was taking out her aggressions on a slot machine.

Something snapped in my brain. I shouted to no one in particular. "Next summer I'm going to see America first. You don't run into a pack of cutthroats in a decent place like Las Vegas." I joined the malcontent who was wrestling with the slot machine. "Put your foot against the wall like this. How do you expect to get it loose if you don't throw your back into it?"

These were the last words I remember uttering before my husband led me sadly away.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Louise Tanner, who was once a Prix de Paris winner at Vogue, is the wife of Edward Everett Tanner III, the man who, as Patrick Dennis, wrote the best-selling novel,* Auntie Mame, *now a Broadway hit.*

SEE COLORAY

COLOR TREASURE

BY **MR. T** OF

HOLIDAY FROCKS

AT THESE FINE STORES

Albany, N. Y. . . . . . JOHN G. MYERS & CO.
Allentown, Pa. . . . . . HESS BROS.
Amarillo, Texas . . . . . THE HUB
Americus, Ga. . . . . . THE VOGUE
Arlington, Va. . . . . . BARRON'S
Asbury Park, N. J. . . . . . STEINBACH CO.
Atlanta, Ga. . . . . . LEON FROHSIN
Atlantic City, N. J. . . . . . M. E. BLATT CO.
Baltimore, Md. . . . . HOCHSCHILD KOHN & CO.
Beverly Hills, Calif. . . . . . HELFT'S
Binghamton, N. Y. . SISSON BROTHERS—WELDON CO.
Birmingham, Ala. . . . LOVEMAN, JOSEPH & LOEB
Buffalo, N. Y. . . ADAM, MELDRUM & ANDERSON CO.
Camden, N. J. . . . . . LESTER'S
Charleston, W. Va. . . . . . QUALITY SHOP
Chicago, Ill. . . . . . BASKIN CLO. CO.
Chicago, Ill. . . . . . MAY SONS (ALL STORES)
Chicago, Ill. . . . . . B. NATHAN
Chicago, Ill. . . . . . POLLYANNA CLOTHES
Chillicothe, Ohio . . . . . TUDOR'S
Cincinnati, O. . . . . . H & S POGUE CO.
Cleveland, O. . . . . . WM. KITT, INC.
Columbus, Ga. . . . . . KAYSER & LILIENTHAL
Dallas, Texas . . . . . A. HARRIS
Danville, Ill. . . . . . MEIS BROS.
Dayton, O. . . . . . BOURNE'S
Detroit, Mich. . . . . . CARSON'S
Easton, Pa. . . . . . HORN'S
Elizabeth, N. J. . . . . . FISHMAN'S
Elkhart, Ind. . . . . . STEPHENSON'S
Ft. Wayne, Ind. . . . . . THE VOGUE
Fresno, Calif. . . . . . E. GOTTSCHALK & CO.
Gary, Ind. . . . . . LADIES SHOP
Glendale, Calif. . . . . . GAUNTT'S
Great Neck, N. Y. . . . . . JANE GAIL
Greensburg, Pa. . . . . . KAUFMAN'S
Harrisburg, Pa. . . . . . FELLER, INC.
Hayward, Calif. . . . . . JERRY STAR, INC.
Houston, Texas . . . . . CRAIG'S
Jackson, Miss. . . . . . THE VOGUE SHOP
Kansas City, Mo. . . . . . VAN DYCK
Knoxville, Tenn. . . . . . RICH'S
Lancaster, Pa. . . . . . HAGER & BRO.
Las Vegas, Nev. . . . . . FANNY'S
Lincoln, Nebr. . . . . . MILLER & PAINE
Long Beach, Calif. . . . . . WONDER SHOPS
Louisville, Ky. . . . . STEWART DRY GOODS CO.
Lubbock, Texas . . . . . GODWIN'S
Malden, Mass. . . . . . BOSTON LEADER
Marion, Ind. . . . . . BALL STORES
Memphis, Tenn. . . . . . LYNN'S
Meridian, Miss. . . . . . KAY'S
Milwaukee, Wis. . . . . . SEGALL'S
Muncie, Ind. . . . . . BALL STORES
New Bedford, Mass. . . . . . LLOYD'S
New Kensington, Pa. . . . . . SILVERMAN'S
Norfolk, Va. . . . . . REED'S
Oakland, Calif. . . . . . VAN DYK
Oklahoma City, Okla. . . . . . ROTHSCHILD'S
Omaha, Nebr. . . . . . J. L. BRANDEIS & CO.
Orlando, Fla. . . . . . GIBBS-LOUIS
Palo Alto, Calif. . . . . . THE COLONY
Portland, O. . . . . . OLDS & KING
Poughkeepsie, N. Y. . . . . LUCKEY, PLATT & CO.
Providence, R. I. . . . . . SHEPARD CO.
Quincy, Mass. . . . . . ANNE STARR
Racine, Wis. . . . . . LEVIN BROS.
Raleigh, N. C. . . . . . ELLISBERG'S
Richmond, Ind. . . . . . PALAIS ROYAL
Richmond, Va. . . . . . ARDLEY'S
Rochester, N. Y. . . . . SIBLEY, LINDSAY & CURR
St. Joseph, Mo. . . . . . TOWNSEND & WALL
St. Paul, Minn. . . . . . SCHUNEMAN'S, INC.
Salt Lake City, Utah . . . . . KEITH O'BRIEN
San Bernardino, Calif. . . . . . RASKIN'S
San Francisco, Calif. . . . . THE EMPORIUM
San Mateo, Calif. . . . . . MADEMOISELLE SHOP
Savannah, Ga. . . . . . STYLE SHOP
Schenectady, N. Y. . . . . . THE WALLACE CO.
Scranton, Pa. . . . . . CLELAND & SIMPSON
Sioux City, Iowa . . . . . YOUNKER-DAVIDSON'S
South Bend, Ind. . . . . . GEO. WYMAN & CO.
Spokane, Wash. . . . . . THE CRESCENT
Springfield, Ill. . . . . . S. A. BARKER CO.
Staunton, Va. . . . . . CHEVY CHASE
Stockton, Calif. . . . . . KATTEN MARENCO
Sugar House, Utah . . . . . KEITH O'BRIEN
Syracuse, N. Y. . . . . . E. W. EDWARDS & SON
Tacoma, Wash. . . . . . RHODES BROS.
Trenton, N. J. . . . . . ELSIE GALLAVAN
Van Nuys, Calif. . . . . . LE VINE'S
Wellesley, Mass. . . . . . ANNE STARR
West Allis, Wis. . . . . . TAITELMAN'S
Wichita, Kans. . . . . . HENRY'S
Wilkes-Barre, Pa. . . . . . HOLLYWOOD SHOP
Wilkinsburg, Pa. . . . . . HOLLYWOOD SHOP
York, Pa. . . . . . DUDLEY'S

HOLIDAY FROCKS, INC.
1375 Broadway, New York 18, N.Y.

THREE ROMANTICS

High Voltage rhinestone straps to fit any strapless bra **8.95.** Strapless bra with low demi cups foam framed and underwired for high lift; nylon lace with wide lacy straps **8.50.** Garter belt and panty in one—a tummy slimming power net top on nylon lace **7.95.**

Olga
CORSETRY

For nearest store and free 1957 booklet "Olga tells you how to beautify your figure" write to Olga, Dept. V27, 2202 Beverly, Los Angeles 57

COLOR TREASURE . . . the costume in Courtaulds' Coloray rayon fashioned by "MR. T" with elegant airs and graces. The soft spring colors are not only rich but permanent . . . never fading despite cleanings and wearings. Because all the color comes from Courtaulds' Coloray, the fiber that's *infused* with color, not just coated with it! "MR. T" of HOLIDAY FROCKS creates a striped sheath and companion coat. Sizes 10 to 18. About $50 at Bloomingdale's, *New York;* Burdine's, *Miami;* G. Fox, *Hartford;* Jacobson Stores of Michigan; Marston Co., *San Diego;* R. H. Stearns, *Boston;* Wanamaker's, *Philadelphia;* Woodward & Lothrop, *Washington, D. C.* For additional stores, see opposite page, or write Courtaulds (Alabama) Inc., 600 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, New York.



Fabric: Cohama Duvette

RAYON FIBER
WITH CAPTIVE COLOR...
"CAN'T ESCAPE!"

COURTAULDS' COLORAY®







NEWS FOR SPRING

black and white prints reflected in

Queen Quality Patents

Wear a black and white print, wear black, wear white, wear them with patents by Queen Quality . . . shining example of fashion enriched with special qualities of fit and comfort. All at a really sensible price. Queen Quality shoes 8^{95}-13^{95}

QUEEN QUALITY SHOE CO. • DIV. INTERNATIONAL SHOE CO. • ST. LOUIS, MO.

Girls' dresses by **YOUNGLAND.** Sizes 3-6X, $11; 7-12, $13. Boy's suit and shirt with grow features by **MERRY MITES.** Sizes 3-6. Suit, $18; shirt, $5. At B. Altman & Co.; Neiman-Marcus; Garfinckel's; The J. L. Hudson Co.; I. Magnin; Bonwit Teller, Phila. (All prices approx.)



going places in style...

"Dacron" and cotton stays fresh and fair

Whether it's a trip to grandmother's house or 'cross the country—clothes of 65% "Dacron"* polyester fiber and 35% cotton deliver youngsters neat and sweet. (In fact, "Dacron" shrugs off wrinkles through all sorts of frolicking!) And lasting neatness is only one boon. "Dacron" quickens washing and drying, makes light of pressing. See the many tempting fashions in "Dacron" and cotton this spring. And discover the blessings of this care-free blend for *your* fashion plates!

DU PONT

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING...*THROUGH CHEMISTRY*

*"Dacron" is Du Pont's registered trademark for its polyester fiber. Du Pont makes fibers, does not make the fabrics or garments shown here

IMPORTED *Elegance*



THE WORLD SENDS NOTHING FINER TO AMERICA.
Imported O.F.C. Canadian Schenley is the one for distinctive lightness and elegance of flavor. O.F.C. means Old Fine Canadian—try it tonight.

Any bottle that says Schenley *says* *Elegance*

IMPORTED CANADIAN WHISKY, A BLEND, SIX YEARS OLD, 86.8 PROOF, SCHENLEY DISTILLERS CO., N.Y.C.



The golden flair by Monet master jeweler

Gentle fashions favor the contrasting elegance of gleaming golden accents. For a collection to cherish, look for the Monet name on every piece...it's an accolade to the exquisite taste that inspires fine jewelry in the Golden Manner of Monet. Palladio Earring, 12.50; Palladio Necklace, 25.00; Bracelets reading down:...Millane, 12.50; Palladio, 22.50; Désirée, 10.00.

Monet
at fine stores

ALL PRICES PLUS TAX. COPYRIGHT MONET JEWELERS, 6 WEST 32ND ST., NEW YORK. WILLIAM FOX DRESS. PHOTO MARK SHAW



CRISTOFORO COLOMBO—29,200 tons—Designed for the utmost in comfort and gay outdoor living on the Sunny Southern Route to Europe. Built in 1954. Fully air-conditioned.



GIULIO CESARE—27,100 tons—Fully air-conditioned, 3 swimming pools, breathtaking decor. Modern in every respect. Built in 1951.



AUGUSTUS—A twin of the Cesare in construction, in smooth-riding comfort, in superb food, in cordial service. Built in 1952. Fully air-conditioned.

You'll find it hard to choose from these three great Italian Line express ships

ALIKE in broad sun decks with three swimming pools . . . *alike* in cuisine famous on two continents . . . *alike* in fully air-conditioned luxury, in entertainment, in every modern facility, these three Italian Line ships offer the last word in transatlantic travel. The gallant Colombo, the beautiful Cesare and Augustus sail the route of blue skies and Spring-like weather where you can enjoy fun out of doors all the way to Europe in any season. They offer *express* service to Gibraltar, Naples, Cannes or Genoa.

And for a Cruise-Like Voyage, consider the stately Vulcania or Saturnia. See your Travel Agent at once for the sailing you want, or call Italian Line, Battery Park Building, 24 State Street, New York 4, N. Y., Telephone DIgby 4-0800.

Italian Line

TINY TOWN TOGS



Spring
can be many
lovely things . . .

. . . it could be
little girls in their new Easter Sunday dresses —
like these enchanting young fashions by Tiny Town Togs
. . . made of **fagotted** satin-like **Leno-sheen,**
an EVERGLAZE® COTTON by AMERITEX,®
crease-resistant and washable.

Pixie at left: appliqued band of flowers above waist, lace trimmed collar. Pink and azure blue.

Each dress in sizes 3 to 6x about **$8**

Young lady at right: draw-string waist ties at each side into long-streamered bows. Violette and pink.

7 to 12 about **$9**

BEST & CO.
Fifth Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

and all branches

also at these fine stores

- Detroit
  J. L. Hudson
- New Orleans
  Maison Blanche
- Philadelphia
  Strawbridge & Clothier
- Washington, D. C.
  Woodward & Lothrop



THE

SLENDER

LOOK

IN

BEAUTIFULLY

POLISHED

LEATHERS...

the Milady pump

BY NATURALIZER

Buckled in grosgrain, and fastidiously tapered in supple patent or calf. All softly cork-cushioned underfoot.

Shoes Illustrated, **12.95** Other styles, 8.95 to 12.95.
Higher Denver West and Canada.

A Product of Brown Shoe Company

FOR NEAREST DEALER WRITE NATURALIZER DIVISION, BROWN SHOE COMPANY, ST. LOUIS. ALSO MANUFACTURED IN CANADA BY PERTH SHOE COMPANY, LTD., PERTH, ONTARIO.





In 13000 BC
smart women
wore nothing..

In 1957 AD
smart women
wear nothing but
seamless
stockings
by Hanes

no seams to worry about

All over the world...

the cry of a child sounds the same!

● Who asks the nationality of a hungry child? Of a sick one? Of a child that mourns for a mother swept away forever by disaster or epidemic?

Human suffering observes no boundaries. Neither does mercy or generosity. That is why, all over the world, your Red Cross works closely with similar organizations to bring help to those who so desperately need it.

Perhaps in these activities, where human needs transcend political differences, can be seen the beginning of a new hope for peace on earth. Today, you can do much to foster this developing spirit by joining your Red Cross. For when you join, you help the voice of humanity to be heard all over the world. In the name of mankind, it is a voice that must be heeded.



On the job

when it counts... where it counts!



draping. so little of it
...but, ah, so cleverly
arranged. now that's a
fashion worth repeating,
as romantic history
proves. got caesar...
napoleon, too. got
anyone you want to
get? then get

TOGA TOES

mannequins 10.95—12.95

fashion stores everywhere—or write **MANNEQUIN SHOES, INC.** (*division of General Shoe Corporation*), *112 w. 34th st., n. y. c.*



SPRING TAKES SHAPE in soft, supple

by ANNA MILLER
in Chardon sheers, left, about $160; right, about $145.
Hats by John Frederics.
at De Pinna, New York; Giddings, Cincinnati;
John Doyle Bishop, Seattle; Stewart Dry Goods, Louisville.

crepes woven with RAYON, as . . .

by LARRY ALDRICH
in Onondaga crepe, left, about $90; right, about $110.
at Bergdorf Goodman, New York; Godchaux's, New Orleans;
B. Siegel, Detroit; Woolf Bros., Kansas City; Joseph Magnin, San Francisco.

(Fabrics on both pages
are Acetate and Rayon)

AMERICAN RAYON INSTITUTE, INC.



RAYON brings new versatility and

by LEONARD ARKIN
in Onondaga ribbed crepe, left, about $60; right, about $70.
The hats, Charmers.
at Best & Co., all stores; Frederick & Nelson, Seattle; Smartwear-
Irving Saks, Inc., Roanoke; Sakowitz, Houston; Famous-Barr, St. Louis.



importance to the little dark dress, and...

by ANNE KLEIN FOR JUNIOR SOPHISTICATES
in Bloomsburg sheers, left $50; right, about $40.
Hats by Irene.
at Bonwit Teller, all stores; Montaldo's, all stores; Julius Garfinckel, Washington, D. C.; The Jenny Company, Cincinnati.

(Fabrics on both pages are Acetate and Rayon)

AMERICAN RAYON INSTITUTE, INC.



THE FLUID SILHOUETTE becomes the

by ABE SCHRADER
in Bloomsburg crepe, left, about $40; Julius Werk crepe, right, about $45.
Hats by John Frederics.
at Bloomingdale's, New York; Bramson's, Chicago;
The J. L. Hudson Company, Detroit; Meier & Frank, Portland.



reigning fashion because of RAYON

by DONALD BROOKS OF DARBURY
in Chardon crepe, left, about $70; right, about $70.
Hats by Irene.
at Lord & Taylor, all stores; Joseph Magnin, San Francisco;
Frost Bros., San Antonio; J. W. Robinson, Los Angeles;
Stix, Baer & Fuller, St. Louis.

(Fabrics on both pages
are Acetate and Rayon)

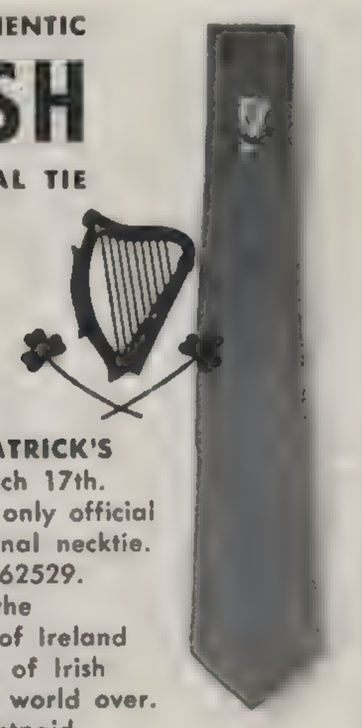
AMERICAN RAYON INSTITUTE, INC.,
350 Fifth Ave., New York 1, N. Y.



SHOCK-COLOR CLOCHÉ...SO *Sally Victor*

18 EAST 53RD ST., N. Y. 22

THE AUTHENTIC
IRISH
NATIONAL TIE

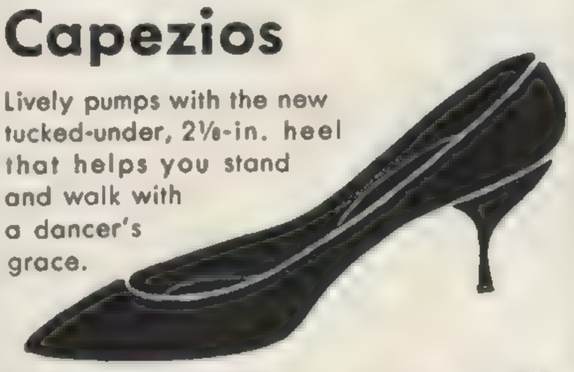


On **ST. PATRICK'S DAY,** March 17th. Wear the only official Irish national necktie. Pat. Des. 162529. Worn by the President of Ireland and those of Irish origin the world over. **$2.00** postpaid. Also ties with authentic crests for 1600 Irish names. Write for our descriptive folders.

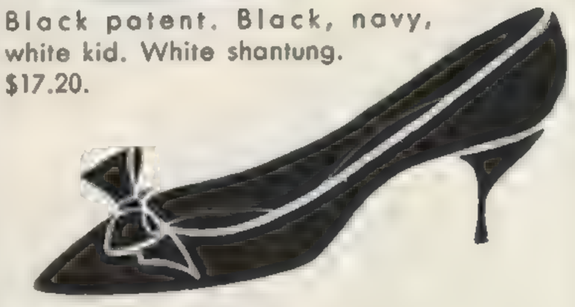
of Dublin
de MOLEYNS
59 E. 54th St. N.Y. 22 Plaza 5-6951

dance-stance Capezios

Lively pumps with the new tucked-under, 2⅛-in. heel that helps you stand and walk with a dancer's grace.



Black patent. Black, navy, white kid. White shantung. $17.20.



Black patent, satin bow. Black, navy kid, faille bow. White kid, matching bow. $19.20.

Prices include postage.
Write for new spring catalog, Dept. V-2,

French Boot Shop
541 Main Street, New Rochelle, New York

Enjoy Heavenly COMFORT in the NEW BLEUMETTE BRA *



- *no shoulder straps*
- *no back straps*
- *no wires, no bones*

New Bleumette Bra* lifts you and holds you in today's glamorous high lines with natural grace, absolute comfort! Just made for special occasions by a top New York bra designer. Perfect for backless and strapless gowns and play clothes. Only adjustable half-way bra ever created. Flatters all figures. Velvety soft, pliable yet sturdy material. In flesh color.

Size A, B or C.
Pkg. of 2 prs.
$2.25 postpaid

Pat. No. 2,728,079. Send check or Money Order. Satisfaction guaranteed.

made exclusively by
BLEUETTE, INC.
509 5th Ave., Dept. 374, New York 17, N. Y.

NEW HORMONE SERUM



Recently isolated by a trustworthy 35-year old laboratory. More than 3 times as concentrated as ordinary hormone creams. Only 7 drops a day are needed to help give a new youthful beauty.

LOOK YOUNGER – FEEL YOUNGER

Hope for Women in "Middle Life"

New Hormonex Beauty Serum is so potent 7 drops daily can fade wrinkles and crow's-feet. When smoothed on skin, supplies maximum daily allotment of female hormones normally needed for youthfulness. Pure hormones plus lanolized Sesame for fastest penetration. Costs only 4c a day to try this reliable product. If you are middle-aged or older—look younger . . . and you'll feel younger.

SEND NO MONEY. Simply send name and address. On arrival pay postman only $3.50 plus tax and C.O.D. or remit $3.85 and we ship postpaid. 100 day supply on money-back guarantee. Order by mail from:

MITCHUM CO.
Dept. V27-b Paris, Tennessee

SHOP

...*in Bermuda*



Cotton shirting, madras slacks. The former, simplicity itself—no sleeves, small round collar; cotton broadcloth in pink, yellow, navy blue. Sizes 10 to 18. $7.95. The latter, trimly tailored of Indian madras; these, a navy-blue, grey-blue, maroon plaid. 10 to 18; $14.95. Bermuda Shop, Ltd. 545 Madison Ave., New York 22.



Silken shirting, tartan trousers. At the top, the shirt at its easiest in a rough white silk with black-and-white buttons. Below, slender woollen pants in the MacNeil tartan; also, MacDuff, and Royal Stewart tartans. Both, sizes 10 to 18; shirt, $9; slacks, $18.20. H. A. & E. Smith, Ltd. Hamilton, Bermuda.

Beauty in Bermuda. For Bermuda-bound address books, this: Betty's Hairdresser, Front Street, Hamilton. Miss Betty has all the facilities for cutting, colouring, and coiffing hair and for the permanent wave that a woman on a holiday might need to have fortified. She's also well equipped to offer expert facials and manicures. And, for the woman whose cosmetic supply runs out—Miss Betty's boutique carries a wide selection of products from several well-known cosmetic houses.



Madras shirting, linen shorts. Shirt, a classic: sleeveless; small flat collar; of an Indian madras plaid teeming with red, blue, green, and white. $6.30. Shorts, of a wonderful heavy Irish linen that tailors superbly. In 12 colours. Sizes 10 to 18. $8.40. Trimingham's, Hamilton, Bermuda.

Special silver shop. A shop that concentrates on importing reproductions of old Sheffield plate designs. This, a handsome little tray with a grooved rim, an engraved crest in the centre; 12″ across. Nice for cards, candy. The Astwood-Dickinson Co., Front St., Hamilton, Bermuda.

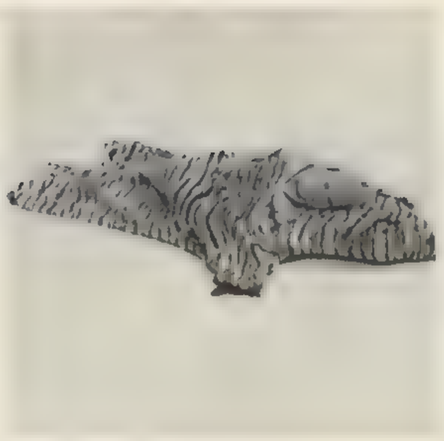
MIEHLMANN



ALL PRICES INCLUDE POSTAGE, UNLESS OTHERWISE NOTED

HOUND

...and elsewhere



Tiger in the nursery.
It's a plush rug, tiger-striped, with a built-in sleeping bag (to make naps more appealing?). The base is sturdy denim and there's a red broadcloth lining. Small, 2 to 6 yrs., $22.95; large, 6 to 10 yrs., $25.95. Steven's Industries, 209 East 72nd St., New York 21.

Terry-cloth robe—for a dog.
A terry-cloth towel turned into a coverall, to wrap a dog after a bath on a cold day, or after a walk in the rain. In all the Cannon towelling colours; up to size 18". $5. Mildred Pell, 301 East 56th Street, New York 22, New York.



Marble inlay: picture form.
A marble butterfly in lapis lazuli and turquoise-blue colours inlaid in black marble, set in a deep green velvet mat, and framed (overall, 6" by 6") in dull gilt. This, $50, by Richard Blow: one example of the patterns available at Piazza, 40 East 51st Street, New York 22.



Telephone dialer in silver.
Good piece of equipment at home or at an office—speeds dialing, saves manicures. Of sterling silver, about 3" long, it has a ridged base that catches the dial to prevent slipping. $6 inc. tax. Monogramming 75 cents extra. Tiffany, 5th Ave. at 57th St., N. Y. 22.





HORRID AGE SPOTS* FADE

*Weathered brown spots on the surface of your hands and face tell the world you're getting old—perhaps before you really are. Fade them away with new ESOTERICA, that medicated cream that breaks up masses of pigment on the skin, makes hands look white and young again. Equally effective on the face, neck and arms. Not a cover-up. Acts in the skin—not on it. Fragrant, greaseless base for softening, lubricating skin as it clears up those blemishes.

SEND NO MONEY—7 DAY TRIAL TEST

Send name and address. Pay only $2.00 on arrival plus C.O.D. postage and tax on guarantee you must be satisfied with first results or return remaining ESOTERICA for money back. Or save money. Send $2.20 which includes tax and we pay postage. Same guarantee.

MITCHUM COMPANY Dept 308B, Paris, Tenn.
(Canada $3) 557 Pape Ave., Toronto 6, Ont.



IS THIS CARYL RICHARDS?

No, but that's a leading question! It leads you to our Caryl Richards permanent SOFTY SUPREME... the wave that coaxes fashionable softness and true permanence into your hair. In the gifted hands of our stylists, your hair is elegantly styled... then waved to a climax of soft, lustrous beauty... so magnificently manageable it almost sets itself! From twenty-five dollars.

Rike's

DAYTON, OHIO

Beauty Salon

DE BUSSCHERE OF BRUGES • SHOE ARTISANS FOR OVER 300 YEARS

BELGIAN SHOES

De Busschere



THE NEW HOME FOR THESE ORIGINAL HAND-MADE SHOES AND HAND-SEWN CASUALS—OF A QUALITY BEYOND COMPARE

BELGIAN SHOES, INC., 60 EAST 56TH ST., NEW YORK



BELLODGIA • FLEURS DE ROCAILLE • NUIT DE NOEL • MUGUET DU BONHEUR • POIVRE

© Caron, 1957

Vogue's eye view of working with what you have

When Michelangelo, bedevilled by
the high cost of marble,
had to use a block of stone
already hacked by
another sculptor, he achieved
his famous figure of David
by working around the fault;
by surrounding it instead of
letting it surround him.
(The inferiority of the materials
called for a suppleness
and inventiveness
that sounder stuff
might never
have brought into play.)
The above is by way
of being a preface to the
more-taste-than-money fashions
on pages 76-86,
and to the room schemes
on pages 112-115.
For while taste can't
transmute pennies into dollars,
it does something
that no amount
of money alone can do.
Money clothes us,
but taste dresses us:
money can provide four walls,
but taste turns them into
a room to live in.



Hats—on the beautiful side

Let's not sidestep the issue: one of the best beauty treatments we know of, this spring, is one of this spring's hats on your head. They're hats not only beautiful in themselves, but going all-out to make you a beauty. How they do it, paradoxically, is by tackling the assignment not head-on—but sideways. They tip, they slant, they're pulled or draped or swirled, to one side—generally, from left to right—and this, as it happens, is one of the most becoming lines ever devised for a woman's face. (One secret may be: the asymmetry of the hat helps to minimize any asymmetry in the features below it.) In any case, it seems to set off—as nothing else does—the line of the wearer's own brow, cheek, chin; to give the whole face a new prettiness, a new fillip of gaiety. This sidelong look is found in almost all the new hats: in turbans and toques, in cloches and brimmed hats, even in a hat (page 56) that looks vaguely like a sou'-wester (one that never saw the Grand Banks). Smaller, softer hats are softer than ever, hugging the head closely even while they're executing the sideways movement; often, the crowns have a deliciously casual, folded look, designed (with infinite art) to look as if the wearer had just crushed them on pell-mell. Hats with brims—the brim, often, shadowing the right eye—carry this come-what-may look even further. Other news: a surprising quantity of felt, among the spring crop of straws—even black felt (and it looks wonderfully smart and incisive with spring greys, navy blue, beige); new loosely-woven straws, rough-cut straws, linen-y straws; silk-striped burlap (all, visible on the next eight pages). Whatever they're made of, these hats don't just sit there—they *do* something. And what they do is, to make you a beauty.

Smart way for hats to look—sideways

Opposite page: The sidelong look of this spring's new hats—made even longer by a sweeping grey feather, thrust through a bow in the band. Hat: head-fitting white linen-y straw. By Adolfo of Emme; also at Julius Garfinckel; Neiman-Marcus.









White, side-tipped



Black, side-bowed

Above: Side line that's anything but a side issue, this spring—here in a softly-tipped cloche of white straw; coffee-coloured grosgrain band, spilling over.
By Mr. John; also at Sakowitz.
Right: This hat hugs the head closely—which doesn't stop it from swerving sharply (and smartly) sideways.
In black felt with a ravishing side view.
By Sally Victor; also at Famous-Barr.
Facing page: Prettiest thing to happen to the feminine face in years—hats like this one: a sidelong swirl of silk surah, white with navy-blue polka dots. By Sally Victor.
With it, a revival of the fur-trimmed suit—here in navy-blue Anglo wool; wide collar laden (lightly) with navy-blue-dyed Canadian fox. By George Carmel; at Saks Fifth Avenue. Suit and hat, also at Hutzler's. Jewels by David Webb.
Lipstick, nail polish, Coty's Flame Red—a bright, true red for spring blues, greys.

Surah: dots on the side



The sidelong toque

A clinging, curving, ageless
shape the way it's worn now—
glancing here with a jewel, a veil.
Black straw cut like Pan's hair.
By Chanda. Lord & Taylor;
J. P. Allen; The Broadway.



Turban on the toque side

Going along now with the spontaneous rush *à droite* (*gauche* is one thing they're never): thickly coiled small city turbans. This, by Irene of New York, of silk-striped burlap. Bonwit Teller; Woodward & Lothrop; Giddings.



Right: A hat to angle or centre, starched
out of handkerchief straw into crisp outline:
no brim, no dimples, just undiluted finesse.
(Part of its finish—make-up applied with a sure hand.)
Natural ballibuntl, black grosgrain ribbon.
By Dior-New York. At Henri Bendel; Joseph Magnin.
Below: Beautiful nostalgia for a summer silk dress,
or one of the new loose-limbed silk suits—
the larger proportions, but not the overwhelming
softness, of a slouch. 1957 dimensions:
a handspan of brim dipping over one cheek, a
peacock-tail snap of the brim at the back.
Mustard straw. By Lilly Daché. Also: Marshall Field.
Opposite page: For navy-blue weather (a record
season due), second cousin to the sou'wester here—
white straw cloche, the brim jewelled into place.
Under it, a navy-blue rib-knitted wool coat,
not an inch longer than it has to be to accomplish
its fashion: open throat for shirts,
27-inch length open to skirt, dress changes
through the linen season. By Ben Gershel, $135.
Richelieu "pearls." Everything (the hat,
to order): Bergdorf Goodman.



Cap—Directoire bias

Opposite: Cloche—facing southwest



Cloche with a cavalier side

The leaning cloche

And a tower of fashion with suits now:
calm brim, hair-bow bow,
a folding, slanting crown.
By John Frederics, in beige ballibuntl
and orange grosgrain.
Also: Frost Bros.; Frederick & Nelson.

RUTLEDGE

Beautiful on *both* sides

The fashion paradox
(could be the one you live by)
of the profile hat that sits straight-on,
arches evenly over both temples.
Here, court-bowed felt, blues and white,
by Tatiana. This, navy-blue British
woollen coat by Jablow, Eisenberg
bracelet: all, Saks Fifth Avenue.



HORST

SIR LEWIS CASSON AND HIS WIFE, DAME SYBIL THORNDIKE,
appearing on Broadway in Graham Greene's play, "The Potting Shed."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...New directions, especially in the U.S. foreign policy, and the evolvement of the Eisenhower Doctrine in the Middle East. ... Ava Gardner at her most fetching in a grass skirt designed by Dior in the new movie, *The Little Hut,* a desert-island dawdle, with rather snappish dialogue, wound around a dry-cleaned version of Roussin's play.... *An Adventure,* a reissue of a famous account of ghost-watching at Versailles, in which two English gentlewomen tangle with the ghost of Marie Antoinette, and subsequently devote themselves to documenting every detail of their experience; in the new edition, there is a rich, quirky introduction by Joan Evans describing the women.... The flickering comic flame of Janet Reed, dancing with the New York City Ballet, in the witty, too repetitive, and misogynistic madrigal-ballet, "The Unicorn, the Gorgon, and the Manticore," by Gian-Carlo Menotti.

SIR LEWIS AND DAME SYBIL have each played more than one thousand rôles in their fifty-odd years on stage, spanning theatrical literature from Greek tragedy to drawing-room comedy. For forty-seven of those years they have been married, working in marvellous collaboration as actor-managers: she, as a commanding heroic star, he, as actor and director of their productions. Earlier on, their repertory company served as master school for glittering apprentices. Sir Laurence Olivier and Sir Carol Reed held Dame Sybil's queenly train in a 1925 *Henry VIII.* Later Olivier co-starred with her at the Old Vic, where she dominated as a leading tragedienne. Perhaps the Cassons' most dazzling play was *Saint Joan,* which Shaw wrote with Dame Sybil in mind. In 1924 Dame Sybil created Joan, directed by Sir Lewis, who played De Stogumber. Dame Sybil, a vibrant woman with lapis-lazuli blue eyes, and Sir Lewis, rockily British and erect, appear, off stage, a tea-cosy couple interested in their ten grandchildren. "On stage," said Dame Sybil, "we argue like hell."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT... The lovely publicity fuss over Edward Mulhare, the Irish player substituting for vacationing Rex Harrison in the rôle of Professor Henry Higgins in *My Fair Lady.*... The Angel record playback of an enormous musical spoof, *The Hoffnung Music Festival,* in which a hundred-piece orchestra, padded out with rifles, a little field artillery, some vacuum cleaners, and a floor polisher, played, among other oddities, Leopold Mozart's "Concerto for Hose Pipe and Strings," with a solo on a garden hose, Gerard Hoffnung, the famous caricaturist of *Punch,* tooted his own "Stradivarius" tuba, to an amused audience at Festival Hall, London.... A new parlour game, "What's My Line," played at home: the player with the line signs in as he fancies, a woman baseball stuffer, a specialist who only steals Phi Beta Kappa keys.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT... *Rocket in My Pocket,* a book of catcalls, spells, jingles, and casual rhymes, sung, shouted, and whispered by American children from the Atlantic to the Pacific: "Way down South where bananas grow,/ A grasshopper stepped on an elephant's toe./ The elephant said with tears in his eyes,/ 'Pick on somebody your own size.'"... The chilling efficiency of a team of management counsellors who discovered recently that when hotels are full, one can sometimes get rooms at a funeral parlour.... Norma Douglas, a new young singer with a walloping way, sometimes too full of tricks, whose songs on Unique Records are called, perhaps with some exaggeration, *The Dynamic Miss Douglas.*

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT... The Palomar Observatory's photographic map of the sky, which, if it were fully assembled, could cover a city block; astronomers, instead, work over small negative prints, looking for suspicious smudges, for unsuspected pockets of starry glow—it all has enormous possibilities and came about through the use of a 48-inch Schmidt telescope-camera that is a mere scout for the giant 200-inch telescope-camera which can be set to explore specific areas of the sky more closely.... John Gielgud, relishing, in a thoroughly Victorian way, his rôle of the far-too-loving father in the movie, *The Barretts of Wimpole Street.*

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT... Brendan Gill's effectively ironic, acutely entertaining novel, *The Day the Money Stopped,* which has a virile sensibility and a curious rush, partly because Mr. Gill has cut his story to the white bone.... The mussels at the new restaurant in New York, Fontana Di Trevi.... Shakespeare's frontal attack on the military in *Troilus and Cressida,* now changed from a bore into slapstick bawdy fun by the touring Old Vic company; noting that Shakespeare had paid no accurate attention to Homer's heroes of the Trojan war, the Old Vic has paid even less by letting Tyrone Guthrie hoke matters up brilliantly with the Trojans looking like British Guardsmen, and the Greeks stamping around like a company of Spanish heel-tap dancers in the costumes of the German General Staff of 1912.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT... The beauty of the Bartók music in the various Hungarian Aid concerts, music which reminds some of the listeners of Gershwin; perhaps it will soon be familiar enough to remind listeners of Bartók.... The $12,000 Brougham Cadillacs, equipped with an ounce of Lanvin's Arpège in an atomizer fitted into a back armrest.... "At the Washing of My Son" in Kenneth Rexroth's *One Hundred Poems From the Chinese:* "Everybody wants an intelligent son./ My intelligence only got me into difficulties./ I want only a brave and simple boy,/ Who, without trouble or resistance,/ Will rise to the highest offices."



MISS SERENA RHINELANDER STEWART AND MISS CAROLA DE PEYSTER KITTREDGE

The four New York débutantes sketched here are beautiful daughters of four famously charming women.
Miss Stewart (seated, above) is the green-eyed, brown-haired daughter of a celebrated blond beauty,
Mrs. William Rhinelander Stewart, and of the late Mr. Stewart.
Miss Kittredge (standing), daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin R. Kittredge, has inherited the creamy skin,
the dark hair and eyes of her beautiful mother, the former Carola Kip.



MISS BURKS BINGHAM AND MISS MARGARET PHYLLIS POLK

Miss Bingham (left), blond and blue-eyed, is the daughter of Mrs. Harry Payne Bingham and the late Mr. Bingham (Mrs. Bingham, the former Melissa Yuille, is one of four Yuille sisters whose charm is legendary). Miss Polk, a slender girl with brown eyes and very dark brown hair, is the daughter of Mr. James P. Polk and Mrs. C. Champe Taliaferro. Her mother, the former Margaret Salvage, is one of three attractive sisters, all dark-haired, and all renowned for their good looks.

A short story by Jane Bowles

A stick of green candy

The clay pit had been dug in the side of a long hill. By leaning back against the lower part of its wall, Mary could see the curved highway above her and the cars speeding past. On the other side of the highway the hill continued rising, but at a steeper angle. If she tilted her head farther back, she could glimpse the square house on the hill's summit, with its flight of stone steps that led from the front door down to the curb, dividing the steep lawn in two.

She had been playing in the pit for a long time. Like many other children, she fancied herself at the head of a regiment; at the same time, she did not join in any neighbourhood games, preferring to play all alone in the pit, which lay about a mile beyond the edge of town. She was a scrupulously clean child with a strong, immobile face and long, well-arranged curls. Sometimes when she went home toward evening there were traces of clay on her dark coat, even though she had worked diligently with the brush she carried along every afternoon. She despised untidiness, and she feared that the clay might betray her headquarters, which she suspected the other children of planning to invade.

One afternoon she stumbled and fell on the clay when it was still slippery and wet from a recent rainfall. She never failed to leave the pit before twilight, but this time she decided to wait until it was dark so that her sullied coat would attract less attention. Wisely she refrained from using her brush on the wet clay.

Having always left the pit at an earlier hour, she felt that an explanation was due her soldiers; to announce simply that she had fallen down was out of the question. She knew that her men trusted her and would therefore accept in good faith any reason she chose to give them for this abrupt change in her day's routine, but convincing herself was a more difficult task. She never told them anything until she really believed what she was going to say. After concentrating a few minutes, she summoned them with a bugle call.

"Men," she began, once they were lined up at attention, "I'm staying an hour longer today than usual, so I can work on the mountain goat manoeuvres. I explained mountain goat fighting last week, but I'll tell you what it is again. It's a special technique used in the mountains around big cliffs. No machine can do mountain goat fighting. We're going to specialize." She paused. "Even though I'm staying, I want you to go right ahead and have your recreation hour as usual, like you always do the minute I leave. I have total respect for your recreation, and I know you fight as hard as you play."

She dismissed them and walked up to her own headquarters in the deepest part of the pit. At the end of the day the colour of the red pit deepened; then, after the sun had sunk behind the hill, the clay lost its colour. She began to feel cold and a little uneasy. She was so accustomed to leaving her men each day at the same hour, just before they thronged into the gymnasium, that now lingering on made her feel like an intruder.

It was almost night when she climbed out of the pit. She glanced up at the hilltop house and then started down toward the deserted lower road. When she reached the outskirts of town she chose the darkest streets so that her coat would be less noticeable. She hated the thick pats of clay that were embedded in its wool; moreover she was suffering from a

sense of inner untidiness as a result of the unexpected change in her daily routine. She walked along slowly, scuffing her heels, her face wearing the expression of a person surfeited with food. Far underneath her increasingly lethargic mood lurked a feeling of apprehension; she knew she would be reprimanded for returning home after dark, but she never would admit either the possibility of punishment or the fear of it. At this period she was rapidly perfecting a psychological mechanism which enabled her to forget, for long stretches of time, that her parents existed.

She found her father in the vestibule hanging his coat up on a peg. Her heart sank as he turned around to greet her. Without seeming to, he took in the pats of clay at a glance, but his shifting eyes never alighted candidly on any object.

"You've been playing in that pit below the Speed house again," he said to her. "From now on, I want you to play at the Kinsey Memorial Grounds." Since he appeared to have nothing further to say, she started away, but immediately he continued. "Some day you may have to live in a town where the administration doesn't make any provision for children at all. Or it may provide you with a small plot of land and a couple of dinky swings. There's a very decent allotment here goes to the Grounds. They provide you with swings, seesaws and chin bars." He glanced furtively at her coat. "Tomorrow," he said, "I drive past that pit on my way out to Sam's. I'll draw up to the edge of the road and look down. See that you're over at the Memorial Grounds with the other children."

Mary never passed the playgrounds without quickening her step. This site, where the screams of several dozen children mingled with the high, grinding sound of the moving swings, she had always automatically hated. It was the antithesis of her clay pit and the well-ordered barracks inside it.

When she went to bed, she was in such a state of wild excitement that she was unable to sleep. It was the first time that her father's observations had not made her feel either humiliated or ill. The following day, when she set out for the pit after school, the wind was blowing hard. As she was climbing the long hill (she always approached her barracks from the lower road), she slackened her pace and stood still. All at once she had had the fear that by looking into her eyes the soldiers might divine her father's existence. To each one of them she was like himself—a man without a family. After a minute she resumed her climb. When she reached the edge of the pit, she put both feet together and jumped inside.

"Men," she said, once she had blown the bugle and made a few routine announcements, "I know you have hard muscles in your legs. But how would you like to have even harder ones?" It was a rhetorical question to which she did not expect an answer. "We're going to have hurdle races and plain running every day now for two hours."

Though in her mind she knew dimly that this intensified track training was preparatory to an imminent battle on the Memorial playgrounds, she did not dare discuss it with her men, or even think about it too precisely herself. She had to avoid coming face to face with an impossibility.

"As we all know," she continued, "we don't like to have teams because we've been through too much on the battlefield all together. Every day I'll divide you up fresh before the racing, so that the ones who are against each other today, for instance, will be running on the same side tomorrow. The men in our outfit are funny about taking sides against each other, even just in play and athletics. The other outfits in this country don't feel the same as we do."

She dug her hands into her pockets and hung her head sheepishly. She was fine now, and certain of victory. She could feel the men's hearts bursting with love for her and with pride in their regiment. She looked up—a car was rounding the bend, and as it came nearer she recognized it as her father's.

"Men," she said in a clear voice, "you can do what you want for thirty minutes while I make out the racing schedule and the team lists." She stared unflinchingly at the dark blue sedan and waited with perfect outward calm for her father to slow down; she was still waiting after the car had curved out of sight. When she realized that he was gone, she held her breath. She expected her heart to leap for joy, but it did not.

"Now I'll go to my headquarters," she announced in a flat voice. "I'll be back with the team lists in twenty-five minutes." She glanced up at the highway; she felt oddly disappointed and uneasy. A small figure was descending the stone steps on the other side of the highway. It was a boy. She watched in amazement; she had never seen anyone come down these steps before. Since the highway had replaced the old country road, the family living in the hilltop house came and went through the back door.

Watching the boy, she felt increasingly certain that he was on his way down to the pit. He stepped off the curb after looking prudently for cars in each direction; then he crossed the highway and clambered down the hill. Just as she had expected him to, when he reached the edge of the pit he seated himself on the ground and slid into it, smearing his coat—dark like her own—with clay.

"It's a big clay pit," he said, looking up at her. He was younger than she, but he looked straight into her eyes without a trace of shyness. She knew he was a stranger in town; she had never seen him before. This made him less detestable, nonetheless she had to be rid of him shortly because the men were expecting her back with the team lists.

"Where do you come from?" she asked him.

"From inside that house." He pointed at the hilltop.

"Where do you live when you're not visiting?"

"I live inside that house," he repeated, and he sat down on the floor of the pit.

"Sit on the orange crate," she ordered him severely. "You don't pay any attention to your coat."

He shook his head. She was exasperated with him because he was untidy, and he had lied to her. She knew perfectly well that he was merely a visitor in the hilltop house.

"Why did you come out this door?" she asked, looking at him sharply. "The people in that house go out the back. It's level there and they've got a drive."

"I don't know why," he answered simply.

"Where do you come from?" she asked again.

"That's my house." He pointed to it as if she were asking him for the first time. "The driveway in back's got gravel in it. I've got a whole box of it in my room. I can bring it down." *(Continued on page 121)*



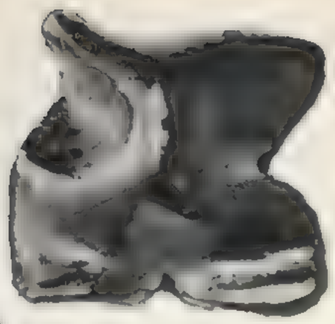
Up-belted tweed

Day coat in brown and beige worsted for town.
By Monte-Sano & Pruzan; about $245,
at Henri Bendel:
Harzfeld's.
Straw hat, Sally Victor.



New bag length

The big bag, now taller—and this slender. In news: hammered patent leather. By Milch; $42.50*, at Henri Bendel.



Nugget earrings

Life-size: Italian earrings, copper-washed in 24-kt. gold. About $10*, at Temptations.

Brass on blue

Watch this: navy-blue coats, brass-buttoned. This, slit at sides. By Seymour Fox, of Anglo worsted, $145, at Bonwit Teller; Dayton's. Straw hat, Sally Victor.



New day-glove length

Well to the elbow: beige 12-button French leather gloves. By Kislav, about $22, at Best's.

Cabochon cluster

Multicolours, plus rhinestones, pseudo pearls. About $30*, at Lord & Taylor.

*PLUS TAX

What's new with what



HERBERT MATTER

On these next eight pages: spring costumes planned a new way—and their direction finders might well be the new shades and shapes of shoes (an interesting shoe makes it logical to build a costume from the ground up). What's new in shoes—and shoe plans? These pages tell.

BEIGE WITH A BLACK AND BROWN SHOE

Opposite page: What's new about this look, besides the chiffon-throated sheath dress, the shorter jacket: the news of beige-and-white rayon tweed, tuned to the suit-shoe—a duochrome shoe of black and brown leather. Dress and jacket by Lilli Ann, $50. Pigskin belt by Colony, gloves by Fuchs. All, Saks Fifth Avenue. White felt hat, Emme. Shoes by Fredelle. The stocking, for beige: beige with a glow—this, by Strutwear. Calfskin bag, Lucille. Barbara Gould Frankly Red lipstick.

NARROW LINES WITH A NEW POINT

Above: Shoes that stretch a point—point being that they look as though they're fresh from a shoe tree, pressed to a taut, pointed line from toe to heel. The look: undiverted elegance. Both, brighter than navy blue; the full-face shoe, stitched calfskin; the profile shoe, satin with an appliquéd flower. Each by Mademoiselle (calfskin by Ohio); about $19; at Lord & Taylor.

KAREN RADKAI





WHAT'S NEW WITH WHAT:

The duochromes







Two colours per shoe, pointing the way toward new duochromes in the costume—a this-spring way for basic colours to refresh themselves. *Dress, top left:* What's new here, besides the skirt-softness of the sheath dress: the fresh look of grey with demi-brown. Further duochrome thinking might go this way: brown and black shoes, as on these pages; or, for later spring, the pearl-grey and black shoe above, plus white hat, white gloves. Worsted dress by Suzanne Augustine, $160 at Henri Bendel; Nan Duskin. Side-draped straw hat by Toby Coppock. *Suit, below left:* What's new here, besides the softening of the suit: the fact of spring-black worn with pale honey shades. More duochrome could enter the picture, via the shoes at left or below. Suit of textured silk, by Adele Simpson, $155 at Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's. Eyelash-brimmed hat of pale felt, by Lilly Daché.

Jacketed dress, upper right: What's new here, besides the softer straight skirt and the shorter jacket: navy blue worn with pale greyed-beige. More duochroming might include a shoe that combines black and near-navy blue. Costume by Nettie Rosenstein in linen-like silk, about $235 at De Pinna; I. Magnin. Hat, by Toby Coppock. Blue, red, and white beads by Castlecliff, also at De Pinna.

Duochrome shoe, at left: Reverse calfskin with black patent leather, about $28. Jewellery by Castlecliff. All, Saks Fifth Avenue.

Duochrome shoe, above: A T-strap sandal in pearl-grey calfskin (leather by Loewenstein), strapped and striped in black patent leather. About $33, at I. Miller. Gunmetal beads, by Coro, from Altman's.

Duochrome shoe, below: Demi-brown calfskin with black patent leather (the latter, a Seton leather), by Mannequin, $11; from Bloomingdale's. Bracelet with fake-coral centres, at Lord & Taylor. Further coral: the Hot Coral nail enamel by Revlon, both pages.

KAREN RADKAI





WHAT'S NEW WITH WHAT:

Beige with a grey shoe

A surprise move: the pale-grey shoe, worn with a suit or dress that's pale, but *not* grey. (The importance of the spring-grey accessory—grey pearls, gloves, stockings—was announced by Vogue in January as one of 1957's fashion changes.)

Opposite page: Shades of beige and white, combined with pearl-brown (the same colour-intensity as pearl-grey, only in brown), worn with an opera pump of taupe-grey lizard, extremely tapered at the toe. The dress, printed silk, wrapped with a wide cummerbund; over it, a spring-weight wool coat, lined in the same printed silk that makes the dress. Dress and coat by Paul Parnes, about $215, at Bonwit Teller; Woodward & Lothrop; Joseph Magnin. Shoes by Herbert Levine, from Jack Schaefer. Stockings: "Sunglow" by Mary Grey. White satin cloche with rosette by Mr. John. Beauty with beige: Jacqueline Cochran Bright Coral lipstick.

Right: A grey shoe, ready to take on a number of wardrobe assignments—with black, grey, navy blue, or the new demi-browns. This one, a stone-grey opera pump with narrow, pointed lines; its only décor, a tongue folded to be a buckle. By Palizzio, in Davis leather; $23 at Lord & Taylor.



HERBERT MATTER

KAREN RADKAI

WHAT'S NEW WITH WHAT: Red with stitching



HERBERT MATTER

Here, on a needle-point background, are four shoes, all red, all stitched —and all re-stating a theory long advocated by Vogue: a red shoe is as basic as bread, and can be worn, brilliantly, with black, grey, blue, new demi-browns. (Few other shoe-colours can make this statement!) *West:* Red suit-shoe with tab front, seed-stitched in beige. By Margaret Jerrold, in morocco kidskin; $23, at Lord & Taylor; Famous-Barr. *North:* Red opera pump, chevroned at toe and heel by mini-spaced stitching. By Newton Elkin, of textured calfskin; $29, at Lord & Taylor. *Northeast:* Red dress-shoe with stitched swirls that finish in a pointed topknot. By Evins, in a Donovan plush calfskin; about $45, at I. Miller; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. *South:* Red walking shoe, saddle-stitched in white like a moccasin. By Risqué, of Eisendrath textured calfskin; $13, at Best's. March delivery.


More

Taste than Money



PRIGENT

New ways to spot a friend in fashion. *Every* fashion on these ten pages isn't *everybody's* friend: almost no fashion can make that claim. But every one is this: on-the-spot 1957 fashion news from which to choose one or half a dozen best looks. Price? Pleasant, definitely. But the nice thing about fashion, like friendship, is—you can't buy it. Clothes are one thing; taste is another. And the fashion difference between one woman's $50 and another's $500, on that basis, can be simply a zero. *Opposite page:* $60 worth of navy blue, plain and Glen-plaided, to amortize over 365 days (and evenings, taking the sheer wool dress separately). By Abe Schrader; jacket in Stevens worsted. Saks Fifth Avenue; L. S. Ayres. John Frederics Charmer hat, bag: Saks Fifth Avenue.



Above, left: Shirt-suit, and one of the most expensive-looking colours in town or out—mauve, in a melting wool check. $65 is the *other* news. Country change: a shirt under the shirt-jacket, its collar, cuffs, pulled out. Moordale suit. Junior sizes. Lord & Taylor; Woodward & Lothrop. Straw hat—as glossy as silk: Lord & Taylor. *Above, right:* $30-course in silk-shirt dressing. Don't let the plantation hat fool you—a dress like this can be a night owl. By Michael Kent, firm brown silk that keeps its Elgin-Marbles folds. Madcaps hat. Both: Franklin Simon.

New ways to put weave in a wardrobe. Look for this news: real bravura in checks, plaids, stripes; colours to wear like banners. *Below:* Red, white, and blue Tattersall to extend a tweed look interseasonally, interhourly. Here, cityside, the jacket has a navy-blue skirt; countryside, the skirt might be white flannel. Wool jacket, $25; wool flannel pleated skirt, $18—the flat pleats a sheer drop. By H & E Shapiro. Altman's; Frederick & Nelson. The new smartness of a Harold Teen hat, by Betmar: Altman's.

more More Taste than Money



Near right: Red herringbone—and the beautiful deception of white linen undercuffs. Wool jacket and skirt are priced separately, $28 and $16, respectively, and could be worn that way; the skirt could trade its shirty jacket for a white linen shirt later. By Sportwhirl. Junior sizes. Bonwit Teller; Joseph Magnin. U-turn cloche—a John Frederics Charmer: Bonwit Teller. *Far right:* Magnified Glen plaid in a Stevens navy-blue worsted not much weightier than the white piqué shirt effects. By Andrew Arkin, at a price that speaks for itself, too—$45. This, and slanting Betmar hat: Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman. Dress, also at Famous-Barr; Dayton's.

PRIGENT



New ways to make coat and suit decisions. You might think of a coat as this: a fashion able to establish your "look" in more eyes daily than any other item—a mobile fashion unit over any dress you own. A suit? Think of it as shared profit, too: a coat that's one-half dress. *Below, left:* $90 in gold, colour-flecked tweed—exceptionally sound with demi-browns, or all-black (even to gloves). By Brittany, in brass-buttoned British woollen. Sally V beige felt cloche, Jana handbag. Everything: Altman's.



Above, right: Coat decision that settles every issue (bright linen? black chiffon?)—for $100. (Not expensive for a round-trip to Europe.) By La Vigna; silk-linen-wool fabric by Stroock, biscuit-colour. Coat, at Tailored Woman. Emme hat. *Directly right:* Navy-blue wool flannel coat of unriveting cut—and price ($70), especially considering its colour mobility. Think of it over mauve, melon, orange, red, black, *and* navy blue. By Lumay. Coat, straw hat: Peck & Peck. *Far right:* Navy-blue crêpe suit that's as good a buy as electricity—$40 and fashion momentum keep it going indefinitely. By Mr. Mort; dress, *dress* jacket, in Avisco rayon and acetate crêpe. Junior sizes. Altman's; Marshall Field; Frost Bros. The Madcaps scarf-wrapped fez: Altman's.





New ways to use white, the colour that doesn't tire. Here, a new attitude about white in fashion that literally doesn't cost anything: white used in unmistakable quantities, to fresh effect day after day—white's year-round now. *Below, left:* Navy-blue knitted cotton dress incised with white—ticking stripes, a large amount of linen collar. Total cost: $16, plus etceteras (hat, earrings, gloves, umbrella) that are far more than etc. *because* they're white. Sportwhirl dress, of Permathal Everglaze knitted cotton by Alamac, and Betmar hat: Saks Fifth Avenue. *Below, centre:* Navy-blue wool crêpe dress with a double collar of white organdie that somehow manages to winterize and summerize the dress in one stroke. Quite a job for a collar—and $25—to do, and do this well. By Sportwhirl, in a Stevens fabric. Piqué hat, proving two whites are better than one, by Betmar. Both, at Bloomingdale's.







Above, right: Picket stripes (actually black and white herringbones magnified to all-time proportions) on a wool jacket that won't be fenced in—the pleated skirt is black jersey, but any colour of skirt or sheath could alternate. Separable suit, by Donald Brooks, $70. Junior sizes. Alamac's Thalspun (Orlon and wool jersey) for the skirt. John Frederics Charmer hat. Both: Lord & Taylor. *Right:* White and navy blue in new company—with brass buttons, blue patent leather (belt). The suit-jacket has a loose shirt-cut, and the best part of a white shirt—a white linen collar. Wool suit, $55. Bonwit Teller; Woodward & Lothrop; Hudson's. Hat—*pot de crème* (succulent with blue, page 76). Gloves by Superb: Bonwit Teller.

PRIGENT



More Taste than Money





New ways of putting a dress together smartly. Dressing by collage here: one texture, colour, or print, on another—inside or outside the dress proper.

Opposite page: Far left, non-seasonal dress put together for spring out of demi-browns, $25, and imagination. The brown-beige tweed of the dress flecked with a tweed straw hat, print bag. Dan Keller dress; Avisco rayon and cotton. This, John Frederics Charmer hat: Franklin Simon. MM bag: Bonwit Teller. Near left, a blur of hound's-tooth checks and everything else (demi-jacket, gloves, bag, earrings) clear-cut. The silk dress is sleeveless and could go on without its knitted wool jacket—which could put *other* dresses together. Black and white costume, by Jerry Gilden. $25. Saks Fifth Avenue; Woodward & Lothrop. Betmar hat, Dalsheim earrings: Saks Fifth Avenue.



Above, left: New way to sew up red, white, and blue without flag-waving—navy-blue silk shantung dress, red Lebanon worsted jersey jacket with white-button dots. By Safinia, junior sizes. $55. Saks Fifth Avenue. *Above, centre:* 1957 way to surround grey with colour—add white, add beige, and let the chips ($55 stack here) fall where they may, any day. Miss Martini dress, Pacific Craft wool and Dacron. This, Madcaps smaller "big" hat: at Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman. *Above, right:* All beige, every beige different—tweed dress belted with its jacket, brambly straw hat, polished (Milch) bag. Costume by Holiday; Celanese acetate and rayon. $40; hat, bag: Bendel's Young-Timers.

PRIGENT



Money—in the right hands:

1957 cotton-glove news

**Here, the most affordable luxury a smart woman could own—
1957-fresh cotton gloves, freshly lengthening
(short gloves aren't quite as short now), freshly paling:
the lightest grey of all—greige—is news again.**

Right, beginning at top: Enough white for a very short sleeve,
to accordion with heavy bracelets. By Fownes, $4. At Franklin Simon.

White cotton, white kidskin, superfitted snap—Hermès elegance
for cotton tweeds, maybe. By Wear-Right, $6. Lord & Taylor.

Beige that could take the place of white, with white and black,
or navy-blue costumes. By Van Raalte, $3. Arnold Constable.

Chamois cotton glove in a length that the new shorter suit-sleeves
could wear. One suit specific: brass-buttoned navy blue,
white-shirted. Crescendoe glove, $3. Bonwit Teller.

New wrist-cosy length of white. A plain little glove like this
could justify multiple $3-outlays—several white,
a black, beiges light to dark. By Hansen. Bloomingdale's.

Demi-brown, demi-long—even though it's 8 buttons;
10- and 12-button gloves are finding their way
into more glove boxes now (demi-long late-day dresses,
one reason). This, by Dawnelle, $4. Altman's.

Beige below-the-elbow glove, its arm not much wider
at the top than at its narrowest point.
By Kayser, $3. Arnold Constable.

Beige in a low key (some of the new corals, melons,
could take this) with a little cigarette-rolled cuff.
By Gant Madeleine, $3.50. Best's.

Grey—it might find its niche this year
with a beige fur-trimmed suit, or a black
summer-silk dress. By Grandoe, $4. Lord & Taylor.



more More Taste than Money

New way to look delicious: look *left*, and ahead.

Have an organdie skirt in reserve—without going into the cash
reserve; $28 is the figure that doesn't have to be whispered here.
You might put with it: now, a navy-blue jersey jacket, close-cut
enough to wear as a blouse; in June, a *toile de Jouy* silk shirt;
in December, black sweater, glitter. Skirt of a Guild cotton
organdie; organdie-collared Lebanon worsted jersey
jacket (this, $23), both by Sportwhirl. Bonwit Teller;
Sakowitz; I. Magnin. Herbert Levine pumps: at Jack Schaefer.



ONE-THIRD OF VOGUE PATTERN ENVELOPE 953

Vogue Pattern* wardrobe based on a shirt

*printed and perforated and easier than ever

The plan here and on the two following pages: to make a wardrobe keyed to a shirt—the freshest wardrobe any woman from X to Mrs. Exeter could put into operation now.

The plan comes out of three Vogue Pattern envelopes, and reads this way: in one envelope, blueprint for the open-jacket suit photographed opposite, including the key shirt, a jacket, and a skirt. In a second envelope, a late-day alternate for the suit skirt—a demi-long skirt to wear with the shirt and suit-jacket already named. In the third envelope, a full-length, full-width evening skirt, to wear with the shirt.

Now—about the shirt that's centre of all this attention, and the single strongest piece of fashion in fashion now. The instructions are: cut it with ease (a double-meaninged word when the pattern you're cutting from is the readable new Vogue printed and perforated Pattern); cut it in white; cut it twice. We'd make one in an opaque silk, such as the surah shown at left and opposite. Second time around: chiffon—simply because day, late-day, or evening, it's one of the most deliciously feminine fabrics ever to appear north of a waistband. One word of advice here: any of the very thin silks is apt to be slippery under scissors. Good way to cope: pin the silk *and* the pattern pieces to a sheet of light wrapping paper. Once past that—nothing but the newest, sliveriest needle will do.

The wardrobe's details, beyond what you'll find in the Vogue Pattern envelope? At least five strands of pearls. Cuff links, gilt or pearl, and as pretty as you can find. A jacket lining to match the shirt it encloses. A wavy brimmed felt hat. Bright brass buttons (and they might be included *wherever* there's navy blue this year). For day, stitched or strapped shoes, or the new duochromes. For evening, shoes of chiffon or bright silk. And, if your base of operations is navy blue, a mauve make-up counts as wardrobe news.

Other ways to cut a wardrobe that's based on a shirt? For the navy blue we've used throughout, one woman might read demi-brown. Another might choose mauve. Another, a blue that's located several steps higher on the spectrum. Where might she find an alternate for the jersey on these pages? In tweeded silk. In the airy new chiffon wools. In one of the loose-loomed wool tweeds. Point is, no matter what time the fashion is set for, the look that's built on a white silk shirt should add up this way: easy, elegant, fresh as dawn. As here. *Right:* The contents of Vogue Pattern envelope 953—opened jacket, shirt, skirt. Ease, added via fabric (Lebanon worsted jersey); spring, via navy blue. Navy-blue bag by Bienen-Davis. Emme hat. Mosell gilt links. Dana's Catalina lipstick. *Left:* Vital third of Vogue Pattern envelope 953: the shirt that makes everything here work (it's working at right with daytime jersey). Of Goodman & Theise surah. Eyeglass frames by May. Pseudo pearls on both pages are by Marvella. *For back views, sizes of Patterns shown here, see page 126.*

THREE-THIRDS OF VOGUE PATTERN ENVELOPE 953

HORST





Vogue Pattern wardrobe *continued*

Left: White silk shirt—post meridian. And this is how it works: the shirt from Vogue Pattern envelope 953, this time around in white silk chiffon, and applied to the skirt from Vogue Pattern envelope 9098. Suggestion: balloon dots in pinks and oranges, on white silk crêpe, all circulating from a pleated cummerbund. Frantex-Mallinson silks. Contributing factors: several windings of fake pearls and earrings to match, by Trifari; Harriet Hubbard Ayer's Simply Pink lipstick. *Right:* The open-jacket suit, set anywhere between 4:00 P.M. and dinner. And here's how that's done. To two parts of Vogue Pattern envelope 953 (the jacket, the chiffon shirt), add the demi-long skirt from Vogue Pattern envelope 9038. With this as your starting point, these might follow: earrings and two bibs of fresh-water pearls (much too extravagant to be real). These, by Marvella. Calfskin belt by Calderon. Satin opera pumps, by Herbert Levine. Worsted jersey by Lebanon. *For back views, sizes of Patterns: page 126.*

SHIRT: FROM VOGUE PATTERN ENVELOPE 953
SKIRT: VOGUE PATTERN 9098

SHIRT AND JACKET: FROM
VOGUE PATTERN ENVELOPE 953
SKIRT: VOGUE PATTERN 9038

HORST



Your ENERGY *and your* DIET

By Dr. Ancel Keys,
a member of Vogue's Diet Authority

Like everyone else, you probably want more energy. Even young people complain that they are not *absolutely* tireless, and the rest of us wish we could regain the vigour we once had, so naturally we are receptive to almost any theory that promises to help us avoid fatigue. Though we may be too intelligent nowadays to be taken in by preposterous claims for fancy tonics and nostrums, it is not unreasonable to hope that a better diet can give us more vivacity and endurance. Vitamin pills, in fact, and periodic doses of sugar are poor substitutes for a good diet. You must not expect miracles, nor be overly impressed by all the propaganda about "hidden hunger" and the virtues of "quick energy."

The science of nutrition *can* produce miracles. Nothing could be more spectacular than the transformation of the weak and apathetic victims of severe thiamine (vitamin B1) deficiency within a few days, or even hours, after the administration of the vitamin they lack. Nothing is more striking than to compare a severely malnourished infant with a well-fed baby. But very few of us are in such a deplorable state of nutrition that we resemble the beriberi patient, who is not often seen in America except among severe alcoholics on strange diets. In any case, if you *really* feel wretched and think you are far below par in energy, you should consult a competent physician to check for undiscovered disease as well as the remote possibility that you are suffering from serious nutritional deficiencies.

Now, presuming that you are not specifically ill but are simply, like many of us, tired as the busy day wears on and perhaps unable to muster energy to be the life of the party in the evening, then what can be done about it? More particularly, what can your diet do about it?

FATIGUE AND NUTRITIONAL FAULTS

In modern American life the fatigue many of us feel is probably more often of psychological than of physiological origin. Hurry, frustration, worry, and boredom steal our energy and leave us tired. On the physiological side, I believe that bad posture, ill-fitting shoes, overheated rooms, and lack of fresh air and physical exercise contribute to tired feelings among Americans at least as often as dietary faults.

For the moment we are concerned with what dietary faults may be involved. Fatigue and lack of energy are common complaints of people who are badly nourished from lack of food, from overeating, or from specific dietary deficiencies. Are you in one of these categories?

TEMPORARY FOOD SHORTAGE OR SURPLUS

Let us consider first the most obvious dietary cause of lack of energy—lack of food. Everyone knows that missing a meal or eating very little for a few meals robs you of energy at the time unless you happen to be very excited. Part of this temporary reduction in energy is due to a shortage of sugar in the blood, sugar that is a ready fuel to be used by the work-

ing muscles. The body has plenty of stored fuel but the cash in hand, so to speak, is depleted although there is an ample reserve in the bank. When you get excited the reserves are mobilized, the blood sugar rises, and you do not observe the same fatigue.

You can temporarily correct, in part, the result of missing a proper meal by eating almost any kind of a snack; even such enemies of balanced diets as a sweet drink or a bit of candy will do. Although such a "shot in the arm" may give a quick response, it also tends to be followed by a quick letdown. It is much better to eat proper foods and to adjust your eating habits to avoid these low periods. If in need of a snack, take a glass of milk, a piece of fruit, a sandwich, a bowl of soup, or coffee *and* some real food, even though it is only a small portion. The fact that such snacks take a little more time than gulping a soft drink or chewing a candy bar as you work is all to the good. Much of the refreshment from the "pause that refreshes" comes from the pause itself.

Finally, you should remember that a very low sugar point during the day usually reflects a bad meal habit, a breakfast or lunch that is simply inadequate, without enough calories or with too large a proportion of calories in free sugars and simple starches so that your blood sugar shoots way up and then, naturally, overshoots the mark coming down. Coffee or fruit juice alone for breakfast is not enough. If time or appetite prevent your taking more, plan on having a more substantial second breakfast later.

Excessively large meals also rob you of energy. Too much of your blood supply is busy trying to digest and absorb your food, blood is diverted from the brain and you are sleepy and sluggish. There is also the danger of an excessive rise in the blood sugar and a secondary overcompensatory fall, especially if the meal is high in free sugars and simple starches.

OBESITY AND EMACIATION

If you are overly fat or excessively thin your energy is apt to have a low evaporation point. Excess weight takes extra energy to move it around. On the other hand, the very thin person may have too little fuel stored in the body to keep the machinery running for hours at a time without rest and recharging.

The results of chronic undereating or overeating are not so easily and quickly corrected as imbalances within the day, but there is no difficulty in deciding whether your difficulty lies in one or the other of these directions. The results of starvation and gluttony are readily apparent in your bodily fatness. Look at yourself dispassionately and do not consider merely your face and neck. Are you really very thin or very fat? You do not need scales and a chart of standard weights to decide. Have you recently gained or lost much weight? Do your clothes no longer fit? From the answers to these simple questions you will know whether you are eating too much or too little.

Obesity should be corrected if present. The advice of your physician is desirable if you are faced with the problem of losing much weight. In any case, do not try to lose weight on a very peculiar diet, and never take "reducing pills" without your doctor's advice. Do not be surprised if your energy is diminished while you are actively losing weight on a reducing diet. When you get to the desired weight and maintain a new balance, you will find new energy. Finally, do not embark on a program of weight reduction unless you really mean it. Alternately gaining and losing weight is more undesirable than staying fat.

But suppose you are too thin. If you are thin because of dieting and you have no energy, try gaining a few pounds—it usually is not too difficult—and see if you do not gain vigour as well. If you have always been thin, it is probably of no importance but no harm will be done by consulting your physician. On the other hand, if you are losing weight without any good reason, you should see your doctor at once.

THE DISTRIBUTION OF YOUR MEALS

We have already mentioned the breakfast problem. For most people, getting some real food energy three times a day is a minimal requirement—not met by microscopic breakfasts and lunches followed by a huge dinner. Personally, I have no objection to a program of five meals a day such as used to be customary in some parts of Europe, but unless you are doing an unusual amount of physical work this means five *small* meals. It is desirable to distribute daily food to avoid great ups and downs. But whether you eat three or four or five meals a day, make sure that each is an occasion for a little quiet relaxation. The proper distribution of meals and rest can do much to keep your average energy level high.

THE KIND OF FOOD TO EAT

The kind of food you eat is at least as important as when you eat it. It is not true, as was sometimes taught, that we must get our energy from carbohydrates. You get energy as fuel from all the major nutrients—proteins, fats, and carbohydrates—and you need the vitamins contained in good foods to convert the food energy into your own bodily energy.

Protein foods, besides providing energy at an even rate, are necessary for general well-being in other ways, and they tend to be associated with generous supplies of many of the vitamins. The chief reason for not advocating a diet made up mainly of so-called protein foods is that most of them are actually very high fat foods. Three-quarters of the calories in most meats are fat calories; two-thirds of the calories in whole eggs are fat calories. Fats are the most concentrated form of calories, hence you may eat more calories than you should if you are not careful, and there is much reason to believe that excessive dietary fats tend to promote the development of coronary heart disease.

A balanced diet is needed, with as generous a supply of protein as you can get without overloading on fat at the same time. Skimmed milk and cottage cheese are wonderful foods in this respect. For meat, choose lean cuts, trim and discard the fat, and control your appetite for gravies and sauces rich in fats and oils. You will, of course, be sparing of "empty calories"—the refined sugars and fats and oils that provide only calories for you, without giving other nutrient values.

Then what will you eat for a daily average? Your diet should include citrus and other fruits in abundance, lots of coloured vegetables, at least a pint of skimmed milk or buttermilk daily, eggs several times a week, whole grain cereals and breads, a moderate amount of lean meat and poultry, all the fish and shellfish you want, fruit and nuts in moderation for nibbling. Vitamin pills and food "tonics" are unnecessary but generally harmless except to the pocketbook. Distribute your meals to avoid alternations of feast and famine and adjust the total amount to keep you at your desired weight. If this is your diet, you are doing all for your energy—and your general health—that diet can do.

HOW TO STAY 10 LBS. THINNER

A condensation of the findings of Vogue's Diet Authority

Because the easiest time to diet is in the spring, Vogue republishes, but this time in pocketbook size, the valuable findings of its Diet Authority—sensible, eminently sane, and without trickery. The full account appeared in February 15, 1956.

The Authority: Dr. Ancel Keys, the world-renowned director of the Laboratory of Physiological Hygiene at the University of Minnesota; Dr. Jean Mayer, associate professor of nutrition at Harvard University; and Dr. John R. Brobeck, chairman of the Department of Physiology at the School of Medicine of the University of Pennsylvania.

The 10 steps

1. Don't suffer.

2. Begin your slimmer figure program by trying for a good "vanity level." Many women can afford to lose ten pounds if their doctors consider that they are in a good state of nutrition, except for overweight, and have no other significant ailments or illnesses.

3. Diet slowly and help keep weight off by regular exercise. If your doctor approves, you can eat as little as 800 to 1,000 selected calories a day, if necessary, for a month, without danger.

4. The best reducing diet is varied, low-caloried, and high in proteins. (It will be easier if you also eat slowly.) The actual bulk of food is important, as it is difficult to feel satisfied with- *(Continued on page 96)*

Seven slimming exercises for the whole body: here and on the next two pages.



1

To slim the waist and firm the side breast muscles: stretch slowly, repeating on each side six times.

3a

To shape entire upper body: start with this position, feet on ground, hands on bench, body suspended.



2

To slim the hips: take this position, head up, leg extended, repeating for each leg twenty-five times.

3b

From position 3a, lower the body as shown, bending down without touching the floor. Try six times as starter.



3c

From position 3b, extend the legs and arms until they are completely straight, feet flat. Takes practice.



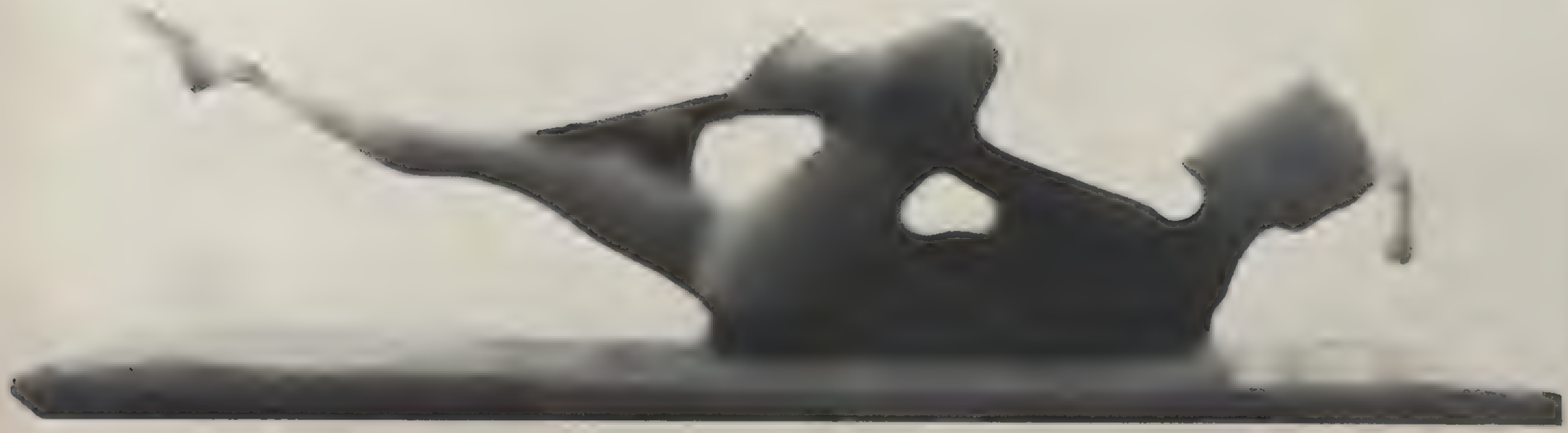


4

To slim thighs: bounce up and down, keeping feet on the floor. Stay well within your physical tolerance.

6

To slim the abdomen: take this position, grasp leg with hands, pulling leg towards ear. Alternate ten times.





5

To stretch spine, leg tendons, and abdominal muscles: touch toes with fingers, from six to twelve times.



7

To slim outer thighs: extend arms, then alternately kick each leg toward arm, from ten to twenty-five times.

10 LBS. THINNER

continued

out some sense of fullness. Such low-caloried vegetables as celery, lettuce, and tomatoes are important, and so are soups and highly-flavoured foods. They tend to reduce the urge to eat more. [See the energy diet suggestions by Dr. Keys on pages 92-93.]

5. Walk. Walking is a wonderful exercise. Regular exercise in moderate amounts helps your weight and your looks. No one wants thin *flabby* people instead of fat *flabby* people. An hour's walking burns about 300 calories.

6. A knowledge of calories is useful. It will help you to avoid the extra tidbit that has 300 calories when 50 calories will do.

7. Steer clear of the idea that if you are dieting on a "thinning" food, you can eat as much as you like of that food. Meat is a good diet food, but even lean meat with the fat pared away, may still contain about fifty per cent of its calories in hidden fat.

8. Studies prove that fat women are often late-night eaters. If you are a night-eater, realize that you have a powerful craving and include night snacks in your calorie count.

9. Don't get too hungry. Perhaps divide your meals, not into threes but into fives.

10. One of the best ways to diet is the avoidance of a highly monotonous, faddy diet that is poor in nutrition. It is better to eat a small amount of delicious food than a large portion of boring food. Success in long-term weight control comes to this: *permanent* curtailing of the *portion* of food—and making a *permanent* schedule of appropriate exercise.

See page 116 for Vogue's classic "Diet X."

The exercises here and on the preceding pages are a few of the Tony Wayne exercises with which he helps keep some of Hollywood's stars in condition. His further advice: keep the spinal column straight, have a schedule of exercises, and stick to it.

White and colour:

tender greens

Trailing (dreamily) through these four pages, one thought: that the two prettiest ways for a nightdress to be are white and in colour—both at once. In some cases, white masks colour like a cloud; in others, a touch of colour dots the *i* in the colour idea; in every case, fresh delicate shades combine in various amounts.

Left: White nightdress with pleated bodice and floating panel of palest green. By Gracette, of nylon tricot. $19. At Lord & Taylor; Neiman-Marcus.

Right: White nightdress with a flow of pale green from shoulder to hem, caught with a rose, high under the bosom. By Vanity Fair, of nylon tricot. $17. Altman's; Hudson's.







White and colour:

the new lilacs

Left: A lilac column of nylon tricot with a further delicacy: white Alençon-patterned nylon lace.
This, a part of a plan: nightdress and peignoir to match—together, $50.
By Rogers, at Best's.
Right: Lilac and lace again, this time for a shorter version; the lace is white Irish macramé.
By Mojud, of nylon tricot.
$7. Best's; Famous-Barr.



White and colour:

a ray of yellow

Below, left: White batiste nightdress smocked in yellow and made like a shepherdess' tunic, the low neck gathered with a yellow ribbon; yellow ribbon sash. Dacron-nylon-and-cotton; by Yolande, $11. At Bonwit Teller.
Below, centre: Ankle-length yellow batiste nightdress with low fichu neckline of white lace. Ray of yellow ribbon shining through lace. By Sans Souci, of Dacron-nylon-and-cotton. $9. At Altman's.
Below, right: A billowing-skirted nightdress of yellow batiste—the white an accent this time: white lace bodice, white embroidery. By Fischer, of Dacron-nylon-and-cotton.
$18. At Bonwit Teller.







White and colour:

seraphic blue

Below, left: Pale-blue batiste nightdress under the influence of a camisole—it's one way that white comes into the picture here.
Back-buttoned, full-skirted,
of Dacron-nylon-and-cotton,
this nightdress by Barbizon. $11. At Lord & Taylor.
Below, centre: Pale-blue *over* white is the point here. The shirred nylon tricot bodice shadows an underbodice of white lace; a soft blue skirt masks a white underskirt; wide, gossamer-thin blue sash, set in at waist.
By Luxite-Kayser, $20. At Altman's.
Below, right: A shirred white bodice with blue ribbon beading, and blue sash gathering a full skirt at a heightened waist.
By Faerie, of nylon tricot. $8. At Best's.



Dayuar

Slimming—
not swimming:
new all-in-one
foundations



They don't swim—the two pieces of clothing
on these pages: they slim.
Both are all-in-one foundations
designed to sleek a figure under clothes—
and to look much better than all right,
while they're about it. Any resemblance
to a swimmer's maillot is purely
non-coincidental; the plan is to give
the smooth line that comes from
undivided control—and it amounts to
quite powerful persuasion for all its ease.
Above: Not a swimming maillot—but a foundation of
printed chiffon-weight elastic that pulls on
like a second skin: not a bone in its body.
More news in the print: fresh swirls of grey and yellow,
on white. This, a Scandale by Tru Balance, knitted
of Du Pont nylon; $18.50. Lord & Taylor;
Woodward & Lothrop; Marshall Field.
Below: New fashion undercurrent here—elastic that
stretches a fine point. There's more give and take
to the inch now (more threads per inch, that's why).
Seamless, strapless, delicious black
all-in-one of a new lightweight Du Pont
nylon-wrapped rubber, interwoven with blended
cotton and Avisco rayon, and cut low and wide enough
at the back for the barest evening dress.
By Flexees; $19, at Franklin Simon; Sakowitz.
(The extra lift here: via a trampolin
from Abercrombie & Fitch.)

RAWLINGS



1.

Making beautiful sense in the new open-jacket suit era: the ascendancy of a new kind of blouse. We call it the "dressmaker" look, this general easing up of fabric and tailoring into something quite softly feminine. It's a part, and no small part, of the shirt-comeback in fashion (and on our advice-list since the August issues).

1. Pale stripes—red and marigold—on a pale, soft, silk shantung blouse that does just that—blouses. Prettily, too, over grey flannel or white linen. By Claret; $8. At Franklin Simon.

2. New shirt treasure—able to stretch a suit into several costumes (and to top a linen day or dinner skirt later). Yellow silk with the look of linen; hemstitching at the back, a classic shirt front. By Morlove. $17. Blouse and earrings, Saks Fifth Avenue.

3. Never-before blouse—its fabric is Dacron-and-flax—a linen-like material with the non-wrinkling properties of Dacron. This, pink dulled to a delicious pallor. $12. By Helitzer. Blouse, Coro beads, all at Altman's.



2.

Dressmaker blouses



5.



3.



SANTE FORLANO

6.

4. New suit flattery, this subtle little blouse of pale-pink Irish linen and rayon with a touch of Empire at the yoke; flat pearly buttons line up front and centre. $10. Blouse (of McBratney fabric), Mosell bracelets: Best's.
5. Suit-blouse with dressmaker details: short cuffed sleeves, pin-width tucks at the front. Good with ropes of pearls. By Pilot, in beige Tebilized Irish linen. $6. At Franklin Simon.
6. Possibilities unlimited here: a white matte jersey blouse with the kindest cut of all, according to many women—namely a surplice line. This could manoeuvre from early to latest day. In Avisco rayon jersey, $18. Blouse and Marvella beads, at Henri Bendel.
7. Blouse, blooming early—white flowers on pale-blue silk surah in the soft shirt form seen on the February 1 cover of Vogue. $20. Bonwit Teller.
8. Easiness, blousing: white silk crêpe to wear as a blousing top over a skirt or smoothed out and tucked into a skirt. $25. At Saks Fifth Avenue.

7.





8.

GOSSIPY MEMO: MORE TRAVEL THAN MONEY

Here are trips, chosen by five top travel agents, which they consider especially good value. Although not the cheapest on the lists, these are among the year's best travel buys—in efficiency, comfort, and mileage.

AROUND AMERICA TOURS FOR UNDER $25 A DAY. The American Express can, of course, get one all over the globe at varying ways and prices, but among their best bargains are their well-run sight-seeing trips in the United States. One stays at first-class hotels, sees beautiful country, historical sights, and there is a guide "on board." Six-day bus trips through Virginia, from Washington, D. C., cost $145; seven-day trips through New England and colonial New York State, from New York City, cost $160 (both trips in big upholstered, air-cooled buses); and fifteen days through Yellowstone Park, Washington, Oregon, and California cost $312. This last trip is taken on new glass-top trains, with reclining seats.

ALL AROUND THE WORLD FOR UNDER $3,000. *The Clara Laughlin agency recommends their own seven-week tour. As few as two may take the tour at this price, and thus be independent sight-seers, using, for example, a limousine* à deux *instead of with the usual crowding six. One may leave at any time during the year. Their correspondents in far places are reliable, solve the string of petty problems. The price includes double room, breakfast, and dinner (only in Bangkok and Istanbul does one pay for all meals), and staying at such hotels as the Imperial in Tokyo, the Istanbul Hilton. One sees such stand-bys as Mt. Everest at dawn, the Taj Mahal, and the Acropolis, and stays on a houseboat in Kashmir. The price is $2,817.25 a person (say about $3,000 with the extra meals). Write Clara Laughlin Travel Services, Inc., 667 Madison Avenue, New York 21, N. Y.*

THROUGH SOUTH AMERICA FOR $1,350. This twenty-two-day tour, for at least two people, uses first-class Pan American and Panagra planes. The first stop is at Panama, at the beautiful El Panama Hotel, designed by Edward Stone; then to Lima, Peru, on the west coast, down to Santiago, Chile, with its seashore resort of Viña del Mar; then across to Buenos Aires, Argentina, for three days; and over the bay to Montevideo, Uruguay. In Brazil one stops at furiously modern São Paulo, then on to Rio de Janeiro for three days before leaving for New York. The price: $1,166.60 a person without meals ($150 more is considered adequate for these). Write The House of Travel, Inc., 17 East 49th Street, New York 17, N. Y.

MONTHS IN THE CANARY ISLANDS FOR $1,600. *Still another kind of bargain trip is to find a delightful place and settle down for long enough to make it all worth-while. The Canary Islands should do. There is sunshine, swimming, mountains, and green agricultural country—giddy with flowers and palms—and all the charming grilled windows and fountained patios of a Spanish land. Boat trips to the smaller islands are one of the treats. (Many British and Scandinavians holiday here.) Rates at all first-class hotels (next in line to "luxury" hotels) average $6 a day a person with meals. The flight, round trip New York to Madrid: $576.70, and on to the islands: $107. Thus a trip for three months totals about $1,600. Write Continental-American Travel Inc., 465 Park Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.*

EUROPE, BY AIR AND SEA, STARTING AT $1,000. A fascinating variety of tours (carefully priced and planned by B.O.A.C.) use the happy combination of both ships and planes. One, for example, flies to such places as Copenhagen, Rome, Venice, and Paris, and sails down the Rhine. Another flies to (among other cities) Madrid, Florence, and Nice, and sails along the Russian Riviera. Prices start at $1,000 for a twenty-three-day tour, from and back to New York. Write Wakefield Fortune, Inc., 15 East 58th Street, New York 22, New York.

Cover for "Fashions in Living": white bedroom decorated with a view →

Facing page: Not so much a room with a view, as a view with a room—this serene white corner guest room in Mr. and Mrs. Albert E. Schlesinger's house in San Francisco. A marvellous prospect of the city, the Bay, and the Golden Gate Bridge makes up almost two entire sides of the room—since the house, in the best San Francisco tradition, clings to the side of a hill. The whole room is in shades of white and off-white, sharpened only with touches of brown and black, and dramatizing, by its coolness, the blue-and-gold vista outside. But even without a view it would be charming—especially since a white bedroom in itself is one of the smartest things in view, now. (In September 1 Vogue we showed an all-white bedroom, freshened with green; readers are still writing us about it.) Curtains and bed-hangings are of heavy off-white linen, with brown piping edging the bedspreads and the scalloped window valance; on the bedspreads are widely-spaced tufts of brown, like giant polka dots. The hand-woven rug is of hemp and cotton. Elsewhere in the room—an antique love-seat covered in beige velvet; an antique brass table between the beds; black antique chairs from England with cane seats, trimmings of brass. And beyond the room, a white-painted terrace for breakfast or sunning. The decorator was Michael Taylor, of San Francisco. FRED LYON

VOGUE'S FASHIONS *in* LIVING



XANADU—
ON ANOTHER SHORE



The gates—a mile from the house

Mr. and Mrs. John F. C. Bryce have wintered in Nassau, the Bahamas, for many years, in their charming house on Market Street called Balcony House—built in 1750. Next to it is Verandah House, also owned by the Bryces and often used as a guesthouse during the season, and behind the two houses is a pleasant green maze of gardens and courtyards. Until 1952, the only thing lacking was access to the sea; the Bryces swam at friends' beaches, or went on long beach picnics around the island. One such picnic five years ago took them near Lyford Cay, a deserted coral strand some twelve miles from the town of Nassau. They left the car (the road went no farther), carried the lunch, swam a tidal river, groped through a jungle of mangroves—and found themselves on a glorious little half-moon beach, white, untrodden, lying on a small peninsula with the sea in front, the river at the back. It was completely inaccessible by land—but it was also completely irresistible. After much searching of titles and hunting-



Balcony House and Verandah House, on Market Street; and, *below*, their quiet gardens.





up of distant land-owners in England, the Bryces formed a syndicate which bought the entire Lyford Cay area (other Nassau residents are building houses farther out). On their own peninsula, a mile-long causeway had to be built to carry the driveway through a mangrove swamp from the main road to the beach (the swamp is tidal, and full of such exotic tropical birds as roseate spoonbills; in time, Mr. Bryce hopes to introduce flamingoes). Then, with the help of Arnold Robjohns, a young English architect now living in Nassau, an enchanting beach house was built, and named Xanadu after Coleridge's dream-country "where Alph, the sacred river ran." An airy pavilion, part-Venetian, part-Chinese, built of coral and almost surrounded by water, it has a quality of fantasy, of pure delight—like a tiny Venetian *palazzo* on a tropic shore, or a Regency folly suddenly set down among palm trees. Actually, it is a comfortably habitable house, which the Bryces often rent, or lend to friends for holidays. But often, too, it's used simply as a marvellous castaway place for lunch and swimming; the Bryces and their guests drive out from Nassau in the morning, with the lunch in hampers, to spend the day at Xanadu.

Above, the boat-basin of Xanadu, at the back of the house, is formed by a tidal estuary curving in from the sea; from it rises an airy, pagoda-like tower. Visitors who come by car, rather than boat, drive over a causeway (right) from the main road, a mile away. *Below*, the Venetian-striped sea front of the house; two octagonal rooms are linked by a central living room and terrace, and extended by wings—the right-hand wing, with its slender archways, is an outdoor dining room. Each wing ends, delightfully, in an obelisk. *Directly left*, on a rocky point near Xanadu—a Victorian white marble sphinx that once reposed on a country place at Hopewell Junction, New York. It's one of a pair (the other adorns a point nearby), given to Mr. and Mrs. Bryce by a friend, Mr. Herbert Pell.

EZRA STOLLER

Above and below, the central living room at Xanadu, looking out over a shaded terrace to the sea. The room can be glassed in, but seldom is; generally, it and the terrace are one entity, with the Chinese bird-and-tree wallpaper seeming like a continuation of the palms and casuarinas outside. In the room, with its tray ceiling like those in old West Indian houses, periods and countries mix as deliciously as chutney: china dragons from Vienna, a contemporary French painting over the mantelpiece, a mirror-backed vitrine (at far end) with a collection of obelisks, and (in foreground) an 18th-century English gaming table, strewn with shells. The fountain, set in clumps of sea-lavender, plashes water pumped from the sea.

EZRA STOLLER





Above and below, the outdoor, and indoor, dining rooms at Xanadu. The outdoor one (above) is shaded by "sails" of Venetian-red canvas laced onto pipes (admitting more air than an unbroken awning); the floor is black-and-white terrazzo squares, the furniture lacy black iron. Framing one doorway are two old red-white-and-blue barber poles, each topped with a gilt ball, giving the carnival effect of Venetian gondola posts. The enchanting indoor dining room (below) is octagonal, with lacquer-red walls, and a *trompe-l'œil* ceiling of blue sky, white clouds. In one alcove is a cheerful allegorical painting, by John Beadle, showing a sort of tropical Birth of Venus; in another, an old ebony table.





MORE-TASTE-THAN-MONEY LIVING



HORST

Photographed here for the first time, new designs with prices tailored to fit a Special Checking account—and while they could easily be the basis of a first furnishing project, they do far more than fill the cubic space between four bare walls. Many of them might be pieces you'd want to have even if (or when) a bank balance is no consideration—for the accent here is on more taste, rather than less money. The new element on these pages: Young Family furniture. It's the work of a group of makers (more about them, page 117) who have pooled their specialties, related their choices and treatment of materials—and made a co-operative collection with down-to-earth price tags. To show how these new designs might be fitted into different situations, Vogue asked two New York decorators to plan three room schemes that introduce Young Family furniture in the tried-and-true recipe: old and new, mixed with care. LIVING-DINING ROOM (left): designed to meet two frequent planning problems—the living room that doubles as a dining room; the need (or wish) to mix periods. The plan here, devised by Mrs. Ralph F. Colin, director of Talmey Inc., makes Regency curtains the background for new Young Family furniture, goes on happily to absorb several periods—all, against a clear palette of strong blues, greens, and white. Young Family elements (predominantly in softly satin-finished walnut), reading around the room, clockwise: next to the sofa, a three-drawer walnut chest—providing an extra table top, and a certain amount of extra storage space, $60. The sofa, a long low line that has an elasticizing effect on room length, *and* a good stretch of colour (Bristol-blue cotton tweed), $190. Two-door commode of black lacquer and walnut, $65. Walnut dining chairs, plain comfort here, $20 each. Round walnut table, 48 inches across now, expansible to 72 inches, $100; the extra leaves, $7 each. In the foreground, a walnut-armed chair, covered in Bristol-blue cotton cross-woven with green, $50. Fringed area rug, deep-piled sand-beige cotton by Cabin Crafts, $50. Walnut coffee table, $40. Among the antiques are a miniature satinwood chest, a Hepplewhite caned-back chair, white opaline lamps, antique silver creamer and Bristol goblet to hold a *few* fresh flowers (an arrangement that makes one bouquet go a long way—right around a room in fact). The antique pieces, from Talmey Inc. The 18th-century Chinese dancers, from C. T. Loo. Other elements: the Miró abstract, painted on linen, from the Pierre Matisse Gallery. Bronze sculpture "Man with Hat," by David Hare, Kootz Gallery. Curtains of Wamsutta Lustercale, $2 a yard at Lord & Taylor. Wooden matchstick blinds, "Woodweb" (these, about $2 a square foot, made to order through your decorator). Table linen from Porthault. Dinner plates from Alice Marks. Silver-plated flatware from Robert Ensko. Baccarat crystal. On the coffee table: black basalt plate, preserve dish, by Wedgwood; and a modern version of a Lowestoft bowl, $25, at Alice Marks. *For stores throughout the country where Young Family furniture can be found, see page 117. All prices approximate.*





HORST

Two more room schemes planned around Young Family furniture. Both of these, devised by New York decorator Anthony Hail with an eye on space: how to make much of it. F O Y E R (above, left): a plan to bring a sense of space to an apartment entrance that hasn't enough space to count even as a half-room in the lease. Important part of the effect: white walls, white rug; accents of green, black, and gold brightness. Young Family elements: wrought-iron side chairs, $20 each. Cotton rug, by Cabin Crafts, $60. Older elements, both Italian: an 18th-century mirror, a white and gold console (assisting here at a buffet supper); from Dinolevi. Crystal, and dishes: from Alice Marks.



BEDROOM-SITTING ROOM (above): which means that the space in this plan is used twice—on a day-and-night schedule. To meet the situation: a background that's quite unjarring, but lively enough not to pall—pale-honey browns, lacquer red, and yellow, against white walls. Young Family elements, round the room, clockwise: walnut-framed easy chair, of honey-beige cotton, cross-woven with brown, $55. The bed that's a sofa half its life—natural walnut, satin-finished, with air-foam cushions. This, with two bolsters and a backrest, $140. Mobile light source: three adjustable brass lamps on a tall brass pole, $23. The walnut desk that can lead a less studious life as a dressing table, $45. Other elements here: two 18th-century mahogany chairs and an antique wire bird cage: both from Roslyn Rosier. Folding Venetian gondola chair, simulated bamboo and canvas; brass gourd-filled brazier; white porcelain lamp: all, from Accessories & Design. Morris Graves's drawings, from The Willard Gallery. Black lacquer tray, miniature brass alarm clock, two glasses, porcelain turtle dish: all, from Serendipity. Black tôle flower holder, from Soupçon. The curtains: of Chablis cotton batiste, $2 a yard, from your decorator. Greeff fabrics. *For stores throughout the country where Young Family furniture can be found, see page 117.* *All prices approximate.*

Vogue's own*

10-day plan for eating for a 10-lb. loss

*EDITORS' NOTE: This is Vogue's own classic "Diet X." Vogue's Diet Authority does not endorse any *one* diet.

This is "Diet X," especially for spring dieters. Republished from February 15, 1956, because so many readers wanted it again, it excludes any freewheeling ideas as to what constitutes "a portion." We've weighed and measured all portions accurately. Where meats are involved, the given weight always means weight without bone. The things to add to this diet and still stay *on* the diet are: chopped mint, tarragon, chives, dill, where they add flavour; and an occasional calorie-less beverage where it adds refreshment. For the woman who can't see her way clear to skimmed milk, there's this arithmetic to apply to her calorie total: whole milk has about twice the caloric value of skimmed milk.

FIRST DAY: 841 CALORIES

Breakfast: One-third cupful fresh raspberries (42 cal.) with ½ cupful skimmed milk (45 cal.). One thin slice of toast (40 cal.). Black coffee (0 cal.).

Lunch: Three oz. broiled salmon, with chopped parsley (171 cal.). Six stalks frozen asparagus, with lemon (20 cal.). One-half cupful shredded cabbage, with vinegar dressing (14 cal.). One glass skimmed milk (90 cal.). One apple (60 cal.).

Dinner: Two thin loin lamb chops, fat cut away completely; broiled (192 cal.). One-half cupful mushrooms (2 cal.). Salad of ½ head lettuce, chopped chives, green pepper cubes, water cress, ½ cucumber, sliced fresh tomato, 1-inch square crumbled Roquefort cheese, vinegar or lemon juice, salt (110 cal.). One-half syrup-packed peach (55 cal.). Black coffee or tea (0 cal.).

SECOND DAY: 859 CALORIES

Breakfast: Half a cantaloupe (50 cal.). One poached egg (75 cal.) on a thin slice of crisp toast (40 cal.). Black coffee (0 cal.).

Lunch: One good, full cupful of flaked lobster meat (125 cal.), 1 tablespoonful tomato sauce (25 cal.). Three-quarters cupful cooked kale or spinach (39 cal.). 2 stalks of celery, and 1 stalk of endive (15 cal.). One-half glass of skimmed milk (45 cal.). Broiled or fresh orange slices (75 cal.).

Dinner: One-quarter pound sirloin steak, fat-trimmed (200 cal.). ½ cupful steamed baby carrots, sprinkled with chives (30 cal.). One fresh, peeled tomato, to be eaten raw, with salt (70 cal.). Boiled custard cup, made with skimmed milk and no sugar (70 cal.). Black coffee or tea (0 cal.).

THIRD DAY: 857 CALORIES

Breakfast: Half grapefruit (50 cal.). Half cupful of cornflakes (50 cal.) with ½ cupful of skimmed milk (45 cal.). One thin crisp slice of toast (40 cal.) with a teaspoon-sized pat of butter (50 cal.). Black coffee (0 cal.).

Lunch: A 4-oz. serving of pan-broiled liver (152 cal.) with ⅓ of a yellow onion, sliced (12 cal.). Two-thirds cupful of zucchini or summer squash (36 cal.) with 2 teaspoonfuls of grated Parmesan cheese (23 cal.). Half cupful of fresh strawberries (26 cal.). Half glass of skimmed milk (45 cal.).

Dinner: Three and one-half ounces of lean, ground round steak made into two small meat patties, broiled (183 cal.). One tomato stuffed with uncreamed cottage cheese, mixed with chopped green pepper, carrot, chives (70 cal.). One cupful of *whipped* fruit Jell-O (75 cal.). Black coffee or tea (0 cal.).

FOURTH DAY: 861 CALORIES

Breakfast: Half a cantaloupe (50 cal.). One soft-boiled or poached egg (75 cal.). Thin slice crisp toast (40 cal.). Black coffee (0 cal.).

Lunch: Chicken; ¼ pound of a broiler, boned, broiled (150 cal.). Four canned artichoke hearts (20 cal.). ½ cupful cauliflower (16 cal.), teaspoon-size pat of butter (50 cal.). One whole, raw cucumber, eaten out of hand, or sliced and soaked in diluted vinegar (7 cal.). Skimmed milk, 1 glass (90 cal.).

Dinner: One-quarter pound of hot roast beef (200 cal.). One-half cupful of broccoli (28 cal.). Salad: in aspic of plain gelatin, finely chopped fresh greens, tomato, celery, shredded cabbage, pimiento, green pepper (60 cal.). One large orange, sliced and garnished with chopped mint (75 cal.). Black coffee or tea (0 cal.).

FIFTH DAY: 826 CALORIES

Breakfast: One cupful fresh strawberries (52 cal.), with ½ glass skimmed milk (45 cal.). One soft-boiled or poached egg (75 cal.). One large graham cracker (35 cal.). Black coffee (0 cal.).

Lunch: Shrimp cocktail made with 4 shrimps on lettuce leaves (35 cal.), and 1 tablespoonful tomato sauce (25 cal.). One whole, broiled, medium size lobster (108 cal.). ½ cupful green or wax beans (20 cal.). ½ cupful water cress (3 cal.). One glass skimmed milk (90 cal.).

Dinner: One-quarter pound cold boiled salmon, with lemon (225 cal.). ⅔ cupful Brussels sprouts (23 cal.). Salad of half head of lettuce, cucumber, ½ tomato, and teaspoonful of lemon juice (40 cal.). One half broiled grapefruit (50 cal.). Black coffee or tea (0 cal.).

SIXTH DAY: 812 CALORIES

Breakfast: Two-thirds cupful of canned, water-packed rhubarb (18 cal.). One egg, poached or boiled (75 cal.). Thin, crisp slice of toast (40 cal.), with a teaspoon-sized pat of butter (50 cal.).

Lunch: One-quarter pound of steamed haddock, with chopped chives (118 cal.). ½ cupful of cooked beet greens (32 cal.). Salad of 2 tablespoonfuls of cottage cheese on fresh pineapple slice (58 cal.). One glass of skimmed milk (90 cal.).

Dinner: One cupful of consommé (34 cal.). One-quarter pound of turkey, white or dark—or thigh of roast chicken (192 cal.). One-half cupful fresh, stewed tomatoes (30 cal.). Celery and carrot strips (25 cal.). Melon balls, with lemon juice and chopped mint (50 cal.). Black coffee or tea (0 cal.).

SEVENTH DAY: 815 CALORIES

Breakfast: Slice of honeydew melon (50 cal.). Half cupful of bran flakes (54 cal.) with ½ cupful of skimmed milk (45 cal.). Black coffee (0 cal.).

Lunch: Two-thirds cupful of crab meat (132 cal.) with 1 tablespoonful of tomato sauce (25 cal.). Two-thirds cupful of stewed celery (5 cal.). Half cupful of shredded cabbage with vinegar dressing (14 cal.). One glass skimmed milk (90 cal.).

Dinner: One-quarter lb. lean, broiled tenderloin (225 cal.) with ½ cupful of mushrooms (2). Five small boiled onions (28 cal.). One-half cupful steamed baby carrots with chopped parsley (30 cal.). Salad of one whole tomato and ½ cucumber, sliced on lettuce hearts, with a dash of vinegar (40 cal.). Half pear soaked in orange juice (75 cal.). Black coffee or tea (0 cal.).

EIGHTH DAY: 830 CALORIES

Breakfast: One-half cupful fresh pineapple cubes (31 cal.). One poached egg (75 cal.) on thin, crisp slice of toast (40 cal.). Black coffee (0 cal.).

Lunch: One-quarter pound lean, ground round steak, made into 2 small patties and broiled (183 cal.). Two-thirds cupful summer squash (16 cal.), 1 fresh, quartered tomato (23 cal.). One glass skimmed milk (90 cal.).

Dinner: One-half breast of roast chicken (161 cal.), 2 small, new, white boiled potatoes (52 cal.), with teaspoon-sized pat butter (50 cal.). One-half cupful cauliflower (16 cal.). 2 crisp stalks raw endive (10 cal.). One cupful *whipped* fruit Jell-O (83 cal.). Black coffee or tea (0 cal.).

NINTH DAY: 861 CALORIES

Breakfast: One-half cupful prune juice or 3 medium, dried prunes (65 cal.). One poached or boiled egg (75 cal.) with thin, crisp slice of toast (40 cal.). One-half glass skimmed milk (45 cal.). Black coffee (0 cal.).

Lunch: Fifteen steamed scallops, with lemon (102 cal.), ½ cupful green beans (20 cal.), ¾ cupful boiled cabbage (25 cal.). Whole head of lettuce, quartered, with diluted vinegar or lemon juice (40 cal.). One glass skimmed milk (90 cal.).

Dinner: Roast leg of lamb, a serving of about 3 oz. (230 cal.). 1 tablespoonful mint sauce (10 cal.). One-half cupful broccoli (28 cal.), 1 cupful cubed eggplant (28 cal.), 2 stalks of celery (10 cal.). One-half cupful fresh pineapple cubes and ¼ cupful fresh raspberries (53 cal.). Black coffee or tea (0 cal.).

TENTH DAY: 826 CALORIES

Breakfast: One cupful fresh orange juice (120 cal.). Poached or boiled egg (75 cal.), 1 thin, crisp slice toast (40 cal.). Black coffee (0 cal.).

Lunch: Three oz. veal cutlet (132 cal.), broiled with scant teaspoonful of Parmesan cheese (12 cal.) and a dash of lemon juice. One-half cupful spinach (12 cal.). One-quarter cupful green Lima beans (48 cal.). Aspic salad, made with plain gelatin, finely chopped chicory, carrot, green pepper, celery, chives, tomato (60 cal.). One glass skimmed milk (90 cal.).

Dinner: Six medium clams (47 cal.). Four oz. steamed codfish steak (101 cal.), ⅔ cupful summer squash (16 cal.). One sliced tomato (23 cal.). One-half grapefruit (50 cal.). Black coffee or tea (0 cal.).

More-taste-than-money furniture: shops and details

Listed below, the producers and designers of the new Young Family furniture, introduced on pages 112-115 in this issue of Vogue.

The three-drawer chest and commode (on pages 112 and 115), the side-chairs, dining table, and coffee table (page 112), the desk/dressing-table (page 115): all, Basic-Witz furniture (designer: Sanford Wallack).

Armchair (page 112) and easy chair (page 115), both produced by Modern Upholstered Chair (designer: Joseph Giordano).

The sofa (page 112): Kroehler Manufacturing (designer: Lawrence Peabody).

The sofa-bed (page 115): Craft Associates (designer: Adrian Pearsall).

Wrought-iron side-chairs (page 114): Gallo Original Iron Works (designer: Vincent Gallo).

The fringed honey-beige rug (on pages 112 and 115), and the white cotton rug (page 114): Cabin Crafts-Needletuft (designers: John and Earline Brice).

Mobile brass lamp (page 115): Argo Lamp Company.

Other tables by: Martinsville Novelty (designer: Robert Levine).

Young Family Design Coordinators: Barbara Lewis, Robert Monroe, and Frederika Fox.

Among the shops throughout the country where Young Family Furniture can be found: Jordan Marsh; G. Fox; Woodward & Lothrop; Kaufmann's; Carson Pirie Scott; Famous-Barr; Younkers; H. Dinwoodey Furniture Co., Salt Lake City; Barker Bros., Los Angeles; Meier & Frank.



MIEHLMANN

Discoveries in beauty

The news here: a new collection of pink-and-gold boxed cosmetics from a house famous for excellence—namely, Mary Chess. There's a fluffy cream that cleanses in an easy, non-greasy way; a rose-scented astringent that makes a pleasantly tingly job of removing a face cream; also, a light, pink jelly that tends to stimulate sluggish circulation (and *that's* good for enlarged pores); another's a night cream, a lubricant rich with the vitamins and hormones dry skins welcome. All these are rounded out by a medicated cream with slightly antiseptic qualities good for young, troubled skins. At Bonwit Teller.



10:30 at the Old Bailey

BY SYBILLE BEDFORD

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Sybille Bedford, whose book* A Legacy *is among the most distinguished first novels for many years, has a collector's interest in behaviour and a dry, crystallized style which incorporates, in its sometimes "fearful symmetry," a quiet, immensely therapeutic shock-value. Privately educated in England and in France, Miss Bedford has lived a good deal in Europe and for some years in the United States. Her only previous book,* A Sudden View, *was a strong, impressionistic study of Mexico.*

Above the dais, the high-backed ornamental chair, the robe, the still head of the Judge rises over the Court, suspended in silent concentration.

"The cheeses were never found. *Thirty-two cheeses, worth three hundred pounds.*"

The Judge's head has not stirred. It is the head of a man aged first into a face only, the face of a very old woman, aged now to a fine dry shell, the almost transparent covering of precise workings—an ear, a brain, a hand. For, somewhere, still animated by the same mechanism, there is a hand, a hand moving, a hand with a pen, moving, writing, writing on in a steady small compass.

"My Lord—in contributory evidence of alienation—of the articles—we submit," after his explosion into intelligible and domestic fact, Counsel has lapsed again into sustained, punctual monotone. It is the Crown opening for The Prosecution, a massive Q.C., florid, bursting with self-possession, speaking upright from the well of the Court, rocking himself to and fro in the front row of the Advocates' benches. "We hope subsequently to show to Your Lordship's satisfaction—and the satisfaction of Members of the Jury—23 Cr. B.K. 249."

"23 Cr. B.K. 249 does not lie." Another gowned figure has leapt to his feet.

"If Your Lordship will draw your attention—and my Learned Friend—to Count 2. Count 2 of the Indictment."

"The apples." The voice of the Judge is disincarnate; but it is audible enough if one strains.

"We respectfully submit that the apples have been traced."

"Res ipsa loquitur?"

"Quite so, My Lord." There is a pause of appreciative chuckling from the Counsels' seats.

The Jury shifts a little. Twice six persons, three of them women, fitted onto two benches, one above the other, in an open box. They look much alike—thin-boned, grey, absent-faced, thin-suited people. The box seems just to hold them.

"You may put in the apples, Mr. Maule," says the Judge. There is now a trace of urbanity in the voice.

"Thank you, My Lord."

The other figure subsides.

His clerk hands him a bit of paper. He glances at it and tosses it over his shoulder to a Junior on the bench behind. The Junior, a fine sheep's face under a square-fringed wig of dirty white, pushes up his glasses to read, then passes on the paper farther down the bench. Another Junior taps Counsel on the back. The two wigs meet, black alpaca billows, in confabulatory hisses.

The Crown has resumed; the Judge's hand is moving.

The Pit, the few square feet of centre floor that would be empty space, is filled with two large kitchen tables stained biscuit-brown like all the other boarding, aflutter with a snowstorm of documents. Here, solicitors' clerks labour in blue serge suits and their own hair, pass charts and schedules like cruets at a lodging-house. The Clerk of the Court, in a stall of his own immediately below the dais, sits toga'd behind a stack of foolscap, looking at his fingernails; suddenly he seizes a telephone one has not perceived before and can hardly trust is there, cups his hands over part of his elegant theological face and the instrument, and is seen speaking into it but not heard.

An Usher moves about softly with no apparent purpose, but does not trip over anything. A handful of extraneous and upset-looking people sit neatly in the three more short rows of pews squeezed in by the entrance door.

A tall Silk, splendid as Pompey, strolls into Court, bends over a colleague who turns up a dimpled Boswellian face, whispers loudly, flings himself into a seat, crosses his fine legs, shoots out an arm in a robust yawn; then walks out again.

At the far end of the Court, in the largest box of all, on an axis with the Judge's chair, sits the Prisoner in the Dock. It is a neat, small, close-knit, youngish man, and he, too, holds himself very still. He sits on his chair in the front of that spacious loose box—the other cardinal point in the cat's cradle of all the eyes, all the emotions, the thoughts—holding on to himself tightly, very much alone. His small, smooth face is all profile: smarmed black hair; pale, stretched baby skin, showing the bones, showing the skull, showing the thoughts move, swimming slowly, carefully, and the nerves stretch, showing fear. He has the look of the young man who did not wish to grow old, the look of the shifty manservant; and all of the time he is face to face with the head and hands that are the Judge.

In the Dock with him, in a back corner, sits a Policeman, bulky, relaxed, unconcerned, like an umpire in nonaction.

The Prisoner was the driver of a van, and he is under an indictment of malversation of goods. In fact he is accused of having stolen some apples and some cheeses.

The case seems diaphanous. On the Fourteenth Day of December last (in the words of the Crown) and on the Ninth Day of January respectively, Crawford, the Defendant, was instructed to pick up some consignments at a warehouse and deliver them to Messrs. Mawlesbury, Fruiterers and Provision Merchants in the Borough of Kensington. Cheeses and apples—six barrels of Cobb's Delicious—were put into the van; apples and cheeses were driven off; no apples and cheeses arrived at Messrs. Mawlesbury's. Defendant then left his job without notice. He was unknown at the address he had given. When he was arrested he had on him the receipt for £200 for a deposit on a second-hand motorcar. Apples, an unusual amount of them, were found in the dwelling place of the Defendant's brother-in-law; apples were discovered to have been offered for sale to a hawker on the Fulham Road by a man answering his description. Diaphanous, perhaps; but here, in a Court of Law, the shifty young man is still presumed to be innocent. The Law that must seem to hound, also most jealously protects him. He will only be a thief if it can be proved; a case must be built, fact by meticulous fact, scrap by scrap—and always within sniping range of the Defence—proving his guilt "beyond reasonable doubt"; the formidable wheel grinds and groans as it stays its course, standing still almost before it may crush this exceedingly small fly.

The hawker is on the stand now. He has told his story. Counsel for the Crown is coming to the climax of his examination-in-chief. He is offhand, affable.

"And is the man who offered you these apples anywhere in this Court?"

"He is."

"Could you *point* him out?"

The witness does not lift his hand. "In the Dock," he says in a low voice. He does not look at the Prisoner.

"Your witness, Mr. Clare." Counsel for the Crown sits down.

Counsel for the Defence rises deliberately. It is the man with the charming, clever, eighteenth-century face who has smiled at Pompey. "Mr.—Willaughby, you told us that you turned down these apples." He too is affable. "Why?"

"The price wasn't roight."

"The price wasn't right." Then, very quickly, "What was wrong with the price?"

"He asked too little."

"How much?"

"I don't say I can remember, sir."

"Come, come, man, you were telling His Lordship and the Members of the Jury that you refused to buy because the price was not right, and yet you can not remember the price."

"I remember it didn't seem roight at the time, sir."

"Surely, Mr. Willaughby, being in your line of business you must be aware that fruit is a somewhat fluctuating commodity? What *is* the right price?"

"It all depends, sir . . ."

Very coldly and clearly: "I suggest that it is nothing of the sort. I suggest that you turned down these apples because you were afraid. You are not above snapping up a good thing, Willaughby, when you see it? Are you? You had not been overscrupulous about the . . . proven-

ance—shall we say?—of your wares, and you thought that you might be watched."

From anyone else, in any other place, such words would have been libellous; but Counsel in Court, cross-examining as to credit for the Defence, and for the Defence alone, is privileged. The witness does not know this, and he is very ruffled, but he does not have the words.

The Jury's faces reflect no opinions whatsoever.

The other side is up again. "Mr. Willaughby, will you make it quite clear why you refused these apples?"

The witness by now sounds vehement and sullen. "They looked fishy."

"Quite. And would you mind telling His Lordship where you habitually obtain your supplies?"

"Well, there's the Devon Co-op, sir, and from the Imperial Fruiterers' Marketing Board quite a bit . . . and the Ambulatory Vendors' Mutual . . ."

"Thank you." Counsel sits down smugly.

Next comes a representative of Messrs. Mawlesbury's. He is called, charges his way into the varnished pulpit that is the stand, stumbles on the step up, grasps the Bible held out to him by the Usher. "I swear to Almighty God—"

"I swear by Almighty God —" the Usher corrects him.

"I swear by Almighty God —that the evidence I shall give—shall be the truth—the whole truth—"

"Your name," says the Junior who is also acting for the Crown, "is Daniel Reginald Hobson and you reside at one hundred and eleven Elms Road, Kilburn?"

"That's right, sir."

"And your occupation?"

"Stock clerk."

"You are at present employed by Messrs. Mawlesbury?"

"I am, sir."

"Would you describe for us the nature of your activities?"

"I check what comes in."

"Will you tell this Court what took place on December 14th last."

"I was saying to Miss Gusnip in the morning—she's the cash register—I hope, I said . . ."

"Never mind what you were saying."

"You must confine yourself to direct statement of fact," says the Judge. He does not say it at all unkindly.

"I was hoping that Trundle & Carter's was not letting us down again like last time . . ."

"I'm afraid we can't have that, Mr. Hobson," says Counsel.

"Strike out Trundle & Carter," says the Judge.

They manage to give acceptable shape to what did *not* happen on the 14th day of December last, the arrival of the apples. "What was your construction, Mr. Hobson?" asks Counsel.

"Pardon, sir?"

"How did you account for that missing consignment?"

"Muddle."

"Muddle?"

"Seeing the season, sir."

The Judge shows a desire to be enlightened.

"Christmas, Your Honour."

"So you did nothing about it at the time?"

"Not till the bills came in in January."

"Invoices charging your firm for this particular consignment which you were positive never came to hand?"

"Positive."

Counsel bowed. "I have finished with this witness, My Lord." But the Defence is already waiting.

"Mr. Hobson—Christmastide is a very busy time in your line of work."

"Yes, sir."

"A time when hundreds and hundreds of pounds of oranges and bananas and nuts and dates and, er—pineapples, would be passing through your stores?"

"Oh yes, sir!"

"*And barrels of apples.* And yet you pretend that in all that hubbub—if I may use the expression—you remember *not* having received one particular small consignment?"

"I never saw no T. & C.'s six Cobb's Delicious."

Other witnesses are called, enter the box, are sworn, depose, are shaken, step down, leaving their mark. It is established that there was a warehouse, a van, that Defendant drove it, that Defendant was alone, that goods were ordered, existed. Painstakingly, conscientiously. This is the third day of the trial. Established by men who spent their adult years training for, practising this kind of work; to whom it is—in what fluctuating proportions?—career, vocation, duty, exercise of faculties, natural bent, bread and butter, routine. Established for the men and women of the Jury to whom these days may be a nuisance, occasion for self-righteousness, a series of embarrassments, a tragic responsibility, or a change. Impossible to tell. To the man in the Dock, who is trying to tamper with the past,

(Continued on page 120)



MARTEX

Patrician

Created for homes of taste and comfort, the Martex Patrician towel is loomed from finest combed Egyptian cotton. Its thick, deep texture is incredibly soft. Its proportions generous enough to encircle the huskiest husband. Complete Patrician ensembles with matching nylon bath rugs make enduringly lovely wedding gifts. Your choice of 16 colors and white. Bath towel (30" x 52") about $6. Bath sheet (36" x 72") about $15. For nearest store, write Martex, 65 Worth Street, New York 13, N. Y. Your inquiry will receive prompt attention.

WEST POINT TEXTILES
WEST POINT MANUFACTURING CO.

10:30 AT THE OLD BAILEY

(Continued from page 119)

it is the whole future.

When at last, he, too, stands in the witness box, he seems weary of it all. He had pleaded Not Guilty, and he sticks to it. He keeps up evasion, but without spirit or conviction. We hear very limp lies. His story is that he went where he was told, took what was shoved into his van, drove it to where it said, day in day out from nine to six without paying much notice. If there had been apples and cheeses he would certainly have taken them where they were supposed to go.

"To Messrs. Mawlesbury's?" It is the Prosecution's turn.

"If that was the address."

"*Was* it?"

"I don't recollect," says the Prisoner.

"Perhaps I can refresh your memory. Mr. Dimdore, can we have Exhibit 29? Thank you. I see from the entries that you made deliveries at Messrs. Mawlesbury's on December 11th . . . on December 4th, 3rd . . . on November 27th, 22nd, 15th, 9th. . . . What do you have to say to that, Crawford?"

"If it says so in the book it ought to be correct."

"It says so in your book, too, Crawford. The day book you kept and which we have here. Would you say that the entries in that book were correct?"

"By and large."

"What do you mean?"

"Just a manner of speaking."

"Crawford, on December 14th—the day the apples were due at Mawlesbury's—there is no entry in your book. The page for that day is a blank. Was that also correct *by and large*, Crawford?"

"I don't know."

"*Why was your book for that day a blank*?"

The Jury for the first time seems to have come out of their impenetrable collective daydream. Looks are fastened on Counsel with something like avidity.

"Because I didn't fill it in."

"Would you mind putting your voice up? We can not hear you."

"Because I didn't fill it in."

"Why on earth not?"

"We often didn't."

"Who are We?"

"The other chaps."

Counsel rustles. Then starts on another track. The offer made to Mr. Willaughby, the hawker.

"I offered him no apples," says the Prisoner.

"You heard witness identifying you."

"I don't recollect our conversation. I may have talked prices to him . . ."

"For what purpose?"

"I was thinking about setting up in business for myself."

"Business in apples?"

"Yes."

"*And* cheeses?"

No answer.

"Mr. Willaughby told us that you brought him some samples of Cobb's Delicious."

"They were my own."

"They were your own! Where did you get them from?"

"A shop."

"Which shop?"

"I don't recollect."

"Crawford. I understand that you are a relatively poor man. You live on your wages. On January 11th—two days after you took French leave from your job—you made a down-payment of two hundred pounds in cash for a motorcar, a Humber Snipe, I believe."

"I made a handsome income."

"Eight pounds ten a week?"

"Well, a good income."

"Good enough to pay a deposit of two hundred pounds?"

"I had savings."

"Where?"

"In my savings bank."

"May we have the name?"

No answer.

"May we have the name and address of your *bank?*"

"I kept it in the sugar-basin."

"In five-pound notes, no doubt."

"Mr. Maule," the Judge's voice hardly stirs the air. "This may be a convenient moment to adjourn?" A courteous shade of a pause for the inevitable assent. "Until five minutes past two then." The Usher throws up his arm in a scarecrow gesture; all get on their feet, heads bow, the Judge has disappeared. Everybody pushes out of Court. Lunch. The Prisoner also has left. Being on bail, he is physically still a free man. His solicitor flutters down the main stairs to get some sandwiches for him from the pub. "My client doesn't like the food," he calls over his shoulder. "The way it's going we'll be sitting after tea today," says the Sergeant in the hall, "Friday too. They're all nice and finished in Number Four, all but the Sentencing." "You'll bet he'll turn out to have a record as long as my arm," says a barrister's minion. "If you don't hear something definite about a blameless life during the case they always have." At two, everyone still moves; at five past, they are reformed in Court like a well-rehearsed *tableau vivant.*

"We now come to the Ninth Day of January."

The Prisoner is on the stand, the Crown on its feet. "You heard attendant testify, Crawford, that when you garaged your van on the night of that day, it was empty."

"If he says so, I wouldn't know."

"Then what happened to the thirty-two Gloucestershire cheeses that were placed there on that morning and have not been seen since?"

"I don't recollect."

Before the Judge begins to speak there is great silence. The Jurors look at the Judge, and never cease to look at him. He speaks for two hours and twenty-five minutes, and what is said is phenomenally detailed, phenomenally precise, and during the whole time one never loses the sense of watching the perfect automaton at work, the old-fashioned illusionist's contraption in the Cabinet of Wonders, the Chess Player, the Magician, deliver a slow dispassionate train of marshalled fact and datum. The case for the Prosecution—how swift, how commonsensical, how inevitable, is the linking between effect and cause; the theft happened, had to happen in exactly that way. The case for the Defence—memory is fallible, behaviour erratic, things are not always what they appear to be; the benefit of doubt is never strained. The third case—things may not be always what they appear to be, but it is *unlikely:* trust experience, accept what meets the eye, keep to the middle way.

There is one point; one point disturbing in law and fact, upon which the Judge is not satisfied: the missing cheeses. The cheeses were never found. Where are the cheeses?

The person who may know does not speak.

While the Jury is out, the Court hears another plea. The judicature that is so ungrudging of its time is yet reluctant to waste it. The plea, a bankruptcy charge of some intricacy, is between the Judge, an ex-broker, and two Juniors. The well pays no attention. After forty minutes word comes that the Jury has arrived at a verdict. When they file back, all is very fast. Their foreman is standing. The man in the Dock stands up too, then, thinking he has made a mistake, sits down again. The Policeman, who is suddenly no longer by the ringside but at his elbow, quickly has him up. The foreman has already said Guilty.

One does not like to look at the Prisoner and yet one does. During the last half hour the Court has filled with broad-built men with close haircuts and dispatch cases. They are Police Officers. The moment of truth has come. It is very sordid. They step briskly into the box, efficiently repeat the oath, then reel off the Prisoner's record. Some of what one catches is: on the 15th day of June 1953 sentenced by the Manchester Assizes to twenty months imprisonment for larceny and fraud . . . on the 11th day of September 1951 by this court for embezzlement . . . 1947 for unlawful traffic in clothing coupons . . . 1939 by the Juvenile Court bound over for attempt of stealing motorcar. . . .There is a wife, three children. The wife has a maintenance order out against him. Someone testifies to a war record. Prisoner was a gunner, and the record is good. A letter from a sister, telling of early hardships, is produced and passed up to the Judge, who reads it carefully.

"My Lord!" The pretense is off, the case has fallen. Counsel is no longer speaking for the Jury, he is pleading for mercy with the Judge. "My Lord!" It is the man with the Boswellian face who is speaking. "There are things we do that do not look well at half past ten in the morning in the light of a Court of Law. . . ."

The Judge looks across at the Prisoner.

"Albert Victor Crawford. What do you expect me to do with you?" There is a pause. "You have made a proper mess of your life." Another pause. "I have no choice but to send you to prison for a length of time. And one day in due course you will be free once more, and then I expect we shall see you here again?" The Prisoner makes his first gesture. "Thirty months." The Prisoner opens his mouth but the Policeman without actually touching him has him off the chair, into the back of the Dock and down the trap door; he has vanished. The Usher bursts into singsong and lifts his hand; the Judge has risen, is gone. A law clerk tries to file a claim for the return of an exhibit but the Court has already emptied. It looks smaller than ever, a square brown box crammed with woodwork.

A STICK OF GREEN CANDY

(Continued from page 65)

"No gravel's coming in here that belongs to a liar," she interrupted him. "Tell me where you come from and then you can go get it."

He stood up. "I live in that big house up there," he said calmly. "From my room I can see the river, the road down there and the road up here, and this pit and you."

"It's not your room!" she shouted angrily. "You're a visitor there. I was a visitor last year at my aunt's."

"Good-bye."

He was climbing out of the pit. Once outside he turned around and looked down at her. There was an expression of fulfillment on his face.

"I'll bring the gravel some time soon," he said.

She watched him crossing the highway. Then automatically she climbed out of the pit.

She was mounting the tedious stone steps behind him. Her jaw was clamped shut, and her face had gone white with anger. He had not turned around once to look at her. As they were nearing the top it occurred to her that he would rush into the house and slam the door in her face. Hurriedly she climbed three steps at once so as to be directly behind him. When he opened the door, she pushed across the threshold with him; he did not seem to notice her at all. Inside the dimly lit vestibule the smell of fresh paint was very strong. After a few seconds her eyes became more accustomed to the light, and she saw that the square room was packed solid with furniture. The boy was already pushing his way between two identical bureaus which stood back to back. The space between them was so narrow that she feared she would not be able to follow him. She looked around frantically for a wider artery, but seeing that there was none, she squeezed between the bureaus, pinching her flesh painfully, until she reached a free space at the other end. Here the furniture was less densely packed—in fact, three armchairs had been shoved together around an uncluttered area, wide enough to provide leg room for three people, providing they did not mind a tight squeeze. To her left a door opened on to total darkness. She expected him to rush headlong out of the room into the dark in a final attempt to escape her, but to her astonishment he threaded his way carefully in the opposite direction until he reached the circle of chairs. He entered it and sat down in one of them. After a second's hesitation, she followed his example.

The chair was deeper and softer than any she had ever sat in before. She tickled the thick velvet arms with her finger tips. Here and there, they grazed a stiff area where the nap had worn thin. The paint fumes were making her eyes smart, and she was beginning to feel apprehensive. She had forgotten to consider that grown people would probably be in the house, but now she gazed uneasily into the dark space through the open door opposite her. It was cold in the vestibule, and despite her woollen coat she began to shiver.

"If he would tell me now where he comes from," she said to herself, "then I could go away before anybody else came." Her anger had vanished, but she could not bring herself to speak aloud, or even to turn around and look at him. He sat so still that it was hard for her to believe he was actually beside her in his chair.

Without warning, the dark space opposite her was lighted up. Her heart sank as she stared at a green wall, still shiny with wet paint. It hurt her eyes. A woman stepped into the visible area, her heels sounding on the floor boards. She was wearing a print dress and over it a long brown sweater which obviously belonged to a man.

"Are you there, Franklin?" she called out, and she walked into the vestibule and switched on a second light. She stood still and looked at him.

"I thought I heard you come in," she said. Her voice was flat, and her posture at that moment did not inspire Mary with respect. "Come to visit Franklin?" she asked, as if suddenly aware that her son was not alone. "I think I'll visit too for a while." She advanced toward them. When she reached the circle she squeezed in and sat opposite Mary.

"I hoped we'd get a visit or two while we were here," she said to her. "That's why I arranged this little sitting place. All the rest of the rooms are being painted, or else they're still too smelly for visiting. Last time we were here we didn't see anyone for the whole two weeks. But he was a baby then. I thought maybe this time

(Continued on page 123)





On the shelf at left, beauty enough for any two hands.
Reading in the usual way, Pond's Angel Skin, in a pink
plastic bottle that won't release a drop unless you squeeze it.
Campana's Italian Balm, in an aerosol container—
this, to be sprayed on all over.
Houbigant's contribution: Chantilly-scented lotion,
with a finger-tip dispenser on the bottle top.
Duon's frothy Vita-Fluff, that vanishes
into the skin in a matter of seconds.

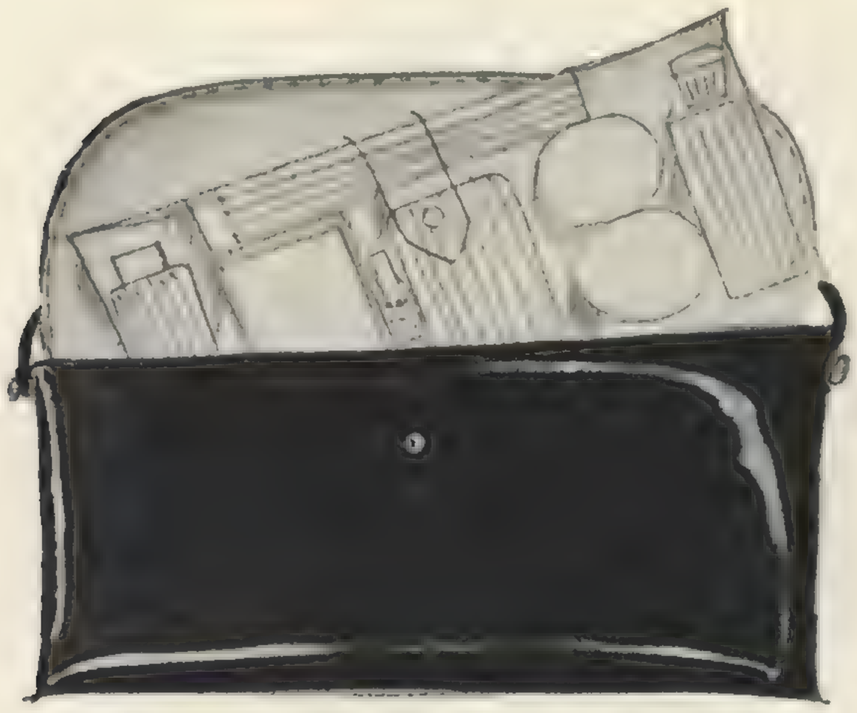


Discoveries in beauty

Everything good about Queen Bee Royal Jelly
(protective vitamins, minerals, and proteins that help keep the
skin soft and supple), may now be lathered on.
The new soap form, designed by Lilly Daché for Marie Earle,
a hard-milled six and one-half ounces
(which helps to amortize the cost—$5). At Saks Fifth Avenue.



Lining up, here, the moisturizing creams that
go a long way towards helping to keep complexions smooth and dewy.
Left to right: Helena Rubinstein's rich Special Formula Cream
(which is said to have pore-tightening and circulation stimulants
as well). The penetrating Multi-layer Moisturizer of Frances Denney
to use under make-up as well as overnight.
Jergens Moisture Cream, with lanolin to its credit.
Charles of the Ritz Special Formula Emollient—excellent
night protection against the effects of all outdoors.



Good way to transport anything on this page:
plastic bottles and containers. These, fitted into a
slide-out tray that, in turn, is fitted into a
black plastic patent envelope, lined in pink.
The dimensions: 11 inches by 5¾ inches.
By Celebrity. $5 plus tax. At Lord & Taylor.

DRAWINGS BY RAY PORTER

A STICK OF GREEN CANDY

(Continued from page 121)

he'd contact when he went out. He goes out a lot of the day." She glanced at her son. "You've got some dirt on that chair," she remarked in a tone which did not express the slightest disapproval. She turned back to Mary. "I'd rather have a girl than a boy," she said. "There's nothing much I can discuss with a boy. A grown woman isn't interested in the same things a boy is interested in." She scratched a place below her shoulder blades. "My preference is discussing furnishings. Always has been. I like that better than I like discussing styles. I'll discuss styles if the company wants to, but I don't enjoy it nearly so well. The only thing about furnishings that leaves me cold is curtains. I never was interested in curtains, even when I was young. I like lamps about the best. Do you?"

Mary was huddling as far back into her chair as she could, but even so, without drawing her legs up and sitting on her feet, it was impossible to avoid physical contact with the woman, whose knees lightly touched hers every time she shifted a little in her chair. Inwardly, too, Mary shrank from her. She had never before been addressed so intimately by a grown person. She closed her eyes, seeking the dark gulf that always had separated her from the adult world. And she clutched the seat cushion hard, as if she were afraid of being wrenched from the chair.

"We came here six years ago," the woman continued, "when the Speeds had their house painted, and now they're having it painted again, so we're here again. They can't be in the house until it's good and dry because they've both got nose trouble—both the old man and the old lady—but they're not related. Only by marriage. I'm a kind of relative to them, but not enough to be really classed as a relative. Just enough so that they'd rather have me come and look after the house than a stranger. They gave me a present of money last time, but this time it'll be clothes for the boy. There's nothing to boys' clothes really. They don't mean anything."

She sighed and looked around her.

"Well," she said, "we would like them to ask us over here more often than they do. Our town is way smaller than this, way smaller, but you can get all the same stuff there that you can here, if you've got the money to pay. I mean groceries and clothing and appliances. We've got all that. As soon as the walls are dry we go back. Franklin doesn't want to. He don't like his home because he lives in an apartment; it's in the business section. He sits in a lot and don't go out and contact at all."

The light shone through Mary's tightly closed lids. In the chair next to her there was no sound of a body stirring. She opened her eyes and looked down. His ankles were crossed and his feet were absolutely still.

"Franklin," the woman said, "get some candy for me and the girl."

When he had gone she turned to Mary. "He's not a rough boy like the others," she said. "I don't know what I'd do if he was one of the real ones with all the trimmings. He's got some girl in him, thank the Lord. I couldn't handle one of the real ones."

He came out of the freshly painted room carrying a box.

"We keep our candy in tea boxes. We have for years," the woman said. "They're good conservers." She shrugged her shoulders. "What more can you expect? Such is life." She turned to her son. "Open it and pass it to the girl first. Then me."

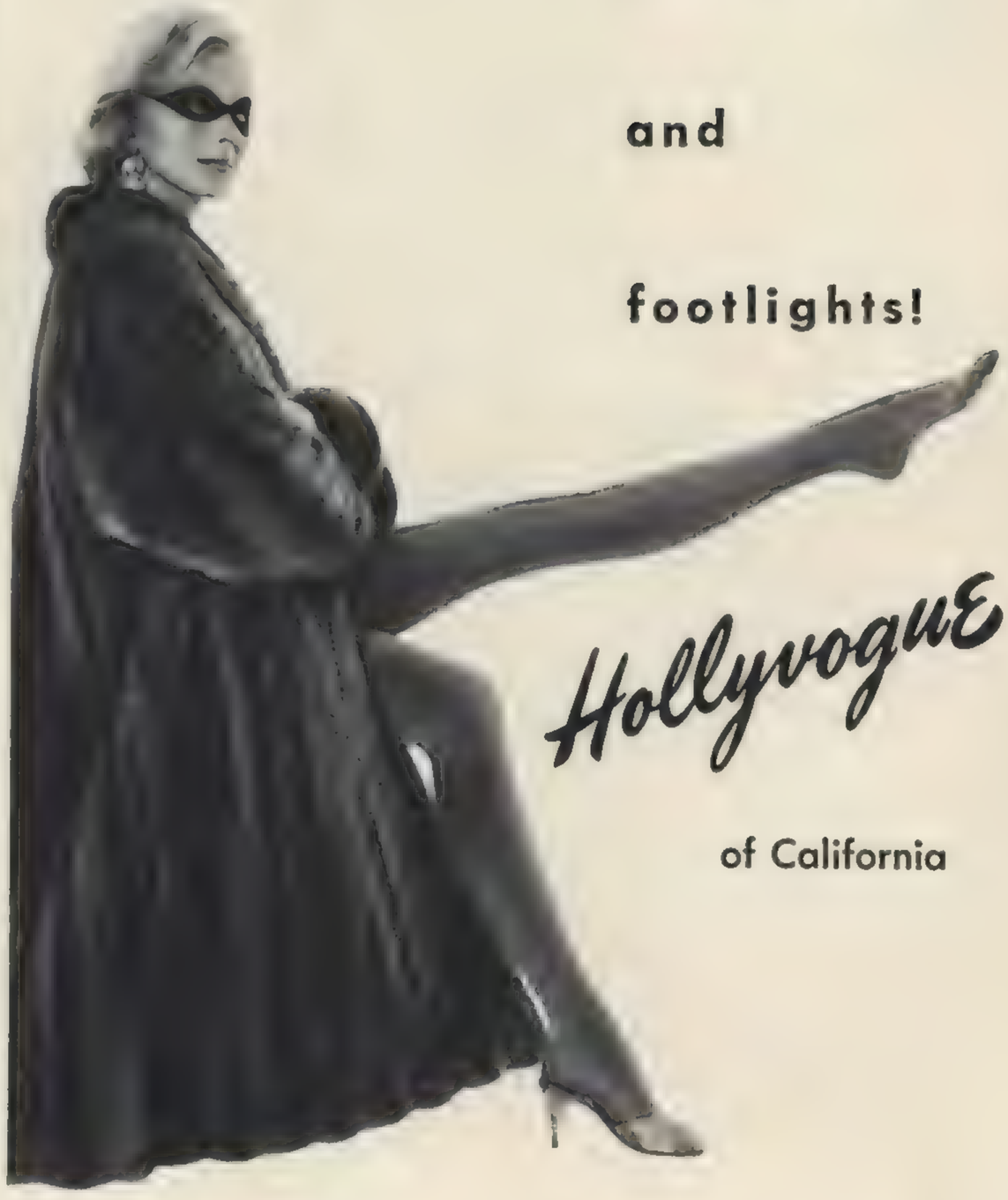
The orange box was decorated with seated women and temples. Mary recognized it; her mother used the same tea at home. He slipped off the two rubber bands that held the cover on, and offered her the open box. With stiff fingers she took a stick of green candy from the top; she did not raise her eyes.

A few minutes later she was running alone down the stone steps. It was almost night, but the sky was faintly green near the horizon. She crossed the highway and stood on the hill only a few feet away from the pit. Far below her, lights were twinkling in the Polish section. Down there the shacks were stacked one against the other in a narrow strip of land between the lower road and the river.

After gazing down at the sparkling lights for a while, she began to breathe more easily. She had never experienced the need to look at things from a distance before, nor had she felt the relief

(Continued on page 125)

Stockings with an affinity for mink and footlights!



Hollyvogue of California

Aren't they lovely? So sheer and flattering and they fit so beautifully. No wonder the lady in mink is pleased . . . she's wearing nylons by Hollyvogue . . . the stockings of the stars.

Twin thread stretch or regular	$1.95
Filmy seamless	1.95
Dress sheers, stretch or conventional	1.65
Daytime sheer	1.50

In five luscious beiges that range from pale Sierra to sun drenched Del Ray.

BELK'S, Charlotte, N. C.
CHAS. F. BERG'S, Portland, Oregon
C. E. CHAPPELL, Syracuse, N. Y.
DICKSON IVES, Orlando, Fla.
GOLDSMITH'S, Memphis, Tenn.
JOSEPH HORNE CO., Pittsburgh, Pa.
LOVEMAN'S, Birmingham, Ala.
THE MAY CO., Cleveland, Ohio
RHODES OF SEATTLE, Seattle, Washington
STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER, Philadelphia, Pa.
WHITNEY'S, Albany, N. Y.

Chadbourn Gotham Sales Corp., 401 5 Ave., N. Y.

On not rising to the occasion

BY ELIZABETH BOWEN

Rising to the occasion: I do not remember that it was ever called that. No. I am sure it was not. There was no name for what one was asked to do—in a way, this made it all the more ominous. A name, the grownups may have thought, would have made too much of it, pandered too much to juvenile self-importance. Children, in my Edwardian childhood. were decidedly played down rather than played up. "Just be natural"—they used to say before the occasion; "nobody wants you to show off." What a blow to ambition; what a slap in the face! "Be natural"; really, what a demand!

I could scent an occasion coming, a mile away. Everybody was going to be implicated in something tricky. Socially, "they" were about to turn on the heat. It could be some primitive embarrassment was coming a shade nearer the surface than the grownups liked. This could have left me cold—had they left me out. But no, on what is known as an "occasion," children are useful. One was to be on tap. One would be on view. One would be required, and tensely watched. One would have to express, to register, something extra. Pleasure: "Aunt Emmeline is coming, you know, today; do show her how happy you are to see her." Gratitude, for a present or a party: "And don't just mumble 'Thank you'; do smile, too!" Sympathy, with a grief: "Look, here's poor Mrs. X. coming down the street; you need not say anything, just let her see you're sorry!" Interest, in anything that a senior chose to explain to one, tell one, or point out to one. Enthusiasm, for anything one was caused to see: scenery, famous or noble persons, some dreary, intricate curio from the East.

React, child! Demonstrate! That was all they wanted. It was not unreasonable, really—a child like a stuck pig is a dreadful sight. I do not want, at all, to give the impression that my childhood was an emotional forcing-house, or, still more, an unduly social one. It was not such a bad preparation for after life. People are always going to expect one to react, in some way; no harm in learning to be quick off the mark. And reactions must be appropriate, not excessive. This can not be drilled into the young too soon . . . or, can it? The Edwardians considered not. Today, I hear, many differ from them. There are some, aren't there, who go so far as to hold that children should not say "Thank you" unless they do feel a surge of spontaneous gratitude, or "Sorry" —when they tread on anyone's toe—unless they are truly stabbed by remorse. I do not think I can go into the rights and wrongs of it. I imagine there must be in each generation some children uneasily conscious of what is wanted, and uneasily certain they must fall short. They either can not or will not deliver the goods.

Would this be recalcitrance, or plain nervousness? In me, it was a mixture of both, plus a wary dread of "going too far." If one crossed the very fine line, if one went too far, one's behaviour fell into the "showing off" class. To celebrate the arrival of a visitor by whooping, prancing, clashing imaginary cymbals together over one's head was considered hysterical and excessive —I once tried it. And effusiveness, in the matter of gratitude, was, I was to discover, another error. "Thank you, Mrs. Robinson, so very, very much for the absolutely wonderful, *lovely* party!" "Well, dear," my hostess would say with a frigid smile, "I'm afraid it was hardly so wonderful as all that." And, "Who was that gushing little thing?" I could practically hear her say it, as I left the room. To this day I remember—and still with blushes, mortification—the awful number of marks that I overshot. After each excess, I had periods of stand-offish caution; I had to resort to the stodgy gruffness of manner allowed, I had seen, to little boys.

I connect so many occasions with stage fright, paralysing self-consciousness, all but impotence. And, let me be clear, this was far from shyness. I was not a retiring child; I should not at all have liked to be banished from the scene of activity. I had dreams of glory in which I behaved conspicuously well, well to the point of evoking comment. But alas, in real life for a child to behave "well" meant, above all things, never to be conspicuous. An occasion is an orderly grown-up concept, an affair of a thousand-and-one rules. The accustomed actors are old stagers; it is only the child who must walk on without having been rehearsed; though, still, with enough instructions to make it nervous. You see, the poor child is in the picture, but not the centre of it, unless of course, it is at its own birthday party. The child dithers somewhere round the margin.

In my long-ago childhood, it was important what grownups thought. They were the censors, the judges. Today, they have less prestige, they have abdicated from power, gone down in status; in some families, they seem like a fallen upper-class. Children, like freedmen going round in gangs, are rather more, today, in each others' power. Well, I say "more," but honestly, looking back, I see that this gang-formation did go on in my childhood also; as an underworld, blinked at by the eye of authority. We children put one another to drastic tests. There was, for one thing, the dire "I dare you. . . ." Tree and roof climbing to the extremest heights, blindfold acrobatics on bicycles, one-leg hopping along the tops of walls, balance on parapets over deep railway cuttings—these were the *sine qua non*. I daresay they are today. All the same, physical ordeals were less scorching than nonstop criticism. At day school, we kept a narrow watch on each other—the glances shot from desk to desk in the classroom, and we trailed each other down the streets when we started home. Moreover we were keeping each other up to the mark, without committing ourselves by saying what the mark was; and this amounted, I see now, to a continuous rising to an occasion which, unlike others, never came to an end.

Friendships, for instance, were exacting; they involved the almost daily exchange of secrets which had to be of a horrific magnitude, and so did plans for Saturday afternoons. This was Folkestone: there was the switchback railway, there was the outdoor roller-skating rink, but we looked for something more desperate and more original. Keeping tryst with the dearest friend of the moment, it was fatal not to produce a bright idea. The search, for some reason, always devolved on me. I was forever devising, racking my brains and fancy, tying myself into knots, to think something up. The approach of a Saturday afternoon loomed over me far more darkly than school work.

"Well," the friend would say, "so what are we going to do?" A suspicious pause; "Or haven't you thought?"

"Oh yes, I have!"

"I hope it's not something silly."

Thus encouraged, I would unfold my plan. "That does not sound much fun," she would remark. "Still, it's too late to think of anything else, so I s'pose we may as well try. Come on."

An unthrilling Saturday could cool off a friendship. Folkestone in 1910 was dressy, law-abiding, and well patrolled; the amount of things children could do—bring off without being shouted at—was limited. Byelaws, prohibiting almost everything, were posted up and down the leas and along the woodsy paths of the undercliff. Oh, that initiative—why was I forced to

© 1956 BY ELIZABETH BOWEN

take it? Yes, it took one's contemporaries, it took other children, to put that particular pressure on one. "You put yourself out too much about your friends!" my mother would declare, as fagged-out, white in the face, I came tottering back to her through the Folkestone dusk. "Why not let them amuse you, for a change, sometimes?" And indeed in my own mind I often wondered.

Would the strain become less as I grew older? No, on the contrary. When I was fourteen, fifteen, the dress problem raised its ugly head. It was necessary to look nice, as well as be nice. Still more, it was necessary to look "suitable." But, my heavens, suitable to what? For life was to bristle, from now on, with unforeseeable occasions. In advance, these were daydream occasions; I dressed accordingly. In those days, the teen-ager was unguided. Fashion, now so kind to that age group, took no account of us. So, trial-and-error it was, for me. Outcome: errors. The rose-pink parasol with which I all but poked out somebody's eye at a cricket match; the picture hat in which I attended a country lunch party—only to be taken out ratting by my host; the ornamental muslin, with blue bows, in which I turned up at a grown-up beach picnic—that I disposed of by slipping off a rock into the sea. The splash was big, though the sea was shallow. The crisis obliterated my frock. Was my accident quite accidental? I can not answer.

Yes, I think as a child I did better with my back to the wall, in extreme situations, among strangers. Whatever strangers could do to me, they could not bite, and there was the hope I might never meet them again. It was my near ones, my dear ones, the fond, the anxious, the proud-of-me, who set up the inhibition. I could not endure their hopes; I could not bear to fail under loving eyes. I detested causing a disappointment. Perhaps I exaggerated the disappointment? Perhaps I did less badly than I imagined? You see, it mattered too much. I shall never know. For how does one rise—fully, ever—to an occasion?

A STICK OF GREEN CANDY

(Continued from page 123)

that it can bring. All at once, the air stirring around her head seemed delightful; she drank in great draughts of it, her eyes fixed on the lights below.

"This isn't the regular air from up here that I'm breathing," she said to herself. "It's the air from down there. It's a trick I can do."

She felt her blood tingle as it always did whenever she scored a victory, and she needed to score several of them in the course of each day. This time she was defeating the older woman.

The following afternoon, even though it was raining hard, her mother could not stop her from going out, but she had promised to keep her hood buttoned and not to sit on the ground.

The stone steps were running with water. She sat down and looked into the enveloping mist, a fierce light in her eyes. Her fingers twitched nervously, deep in the recesses of her rubber pockets. It was unbelievable that they should not at any moment encounter something wonderful and new, unbelievable, too, that he should be ignorant of her love for him. Surely he knew that all the while his mother was talking, she in secret had been claiming him for her own. He would come out soon to join her on the steps, and they would go away together.

Hours later, stiff with cold, she stood up. Even had he remained all day at the window he could never have sighted her through the heavy mist. She knew this, but she could never climb the steps to fetch him; that was impossible. She ran headlong down the stone steps and across the highway. When she reached the pit she stopped dead and stood with her feet in the soft clay mud, panting for breath.

"Men," she said after a minute, "men, I told you we were going to specialize." She stopped abruptly, but it was too late. She had, for the first time in her life, spoken to her men before summoning them to order with a bugle

(Continued on page 126)



LAKE OF COMO—
TREMEZZO

To know Spring
at her Lovely Best

See Italy first

Radiant landscapes awakening to new beauty . . . renewed activities in cities and towns where art and architecture bring past centuries vividly alive . . . all bid you welcome to the loveliest of springs . . . spring in Italy. Family Group transatlantic rates make it less expensive to enjoy a springtime trip . . . and you'll find appealing economies adding to the pleasure of travel within Italy. Domestic air rates are very low . . . luxurious motor coaches provide inexpensive tours . . .
tickets permit unlimited rail travel . . . special coupons procure gasoline at reduced costs for motorists bringing their own cars. Wonderful food . . . fine hotels . . . lovely things to buy! See your Travel Agent now!



SIENA

IF YOU CAN VISIT ITALY BEFORE MARCH 15

you'll save even more with the Italian Tourist Economy Plan. Sold only through Travel Agents here in the United States.

ENIT

ITALIAN STATE TOURIST OFFICE—E.N.I.T.
21 East 51st Street, New York 22, N. Y.
CHICAGO—333 N. Michigan Ave.
NEW ORLEANS—International Trade Mart SAN FRANCISCO—St. Francis Hotel

Can you tie this ?



You certainly can . . . with light, lacy DECORETTE® —it's the glamorous "Magic Bow"



Whenever you want your gift to have a fine feminine air, choose lacy, light-as-air Decorette Brand Ribbon. It's *easy* to be an expert with Decorette because it ties the one and only "Magic Bow"—like the pert pouf you see here —*in seconds.* Make all your gifts "almost too pretty to open"—with Decorette. Colors galore . . . at your favorite gift-wrap counter.

Spectacular gift tie! Center a large "Magic Bow" of Decorette with the glamorous gleam of a Sasheen® "Magic Bow." Result: twice as pretty!



"Magic Bow" instructions are on every roll of Sasheen®, Decorette® and "Magic Bow"® Brand Ribbons.

PRODUCTS OF 3M COMPANY RESEARCH

MINNESOTA MINING AND MANUFACTURING COMPANY
St. Paul 6, Minnesota

"Magic Bow" and method of making patented U. S. Pat. No. RE 23835 © 3M Co.

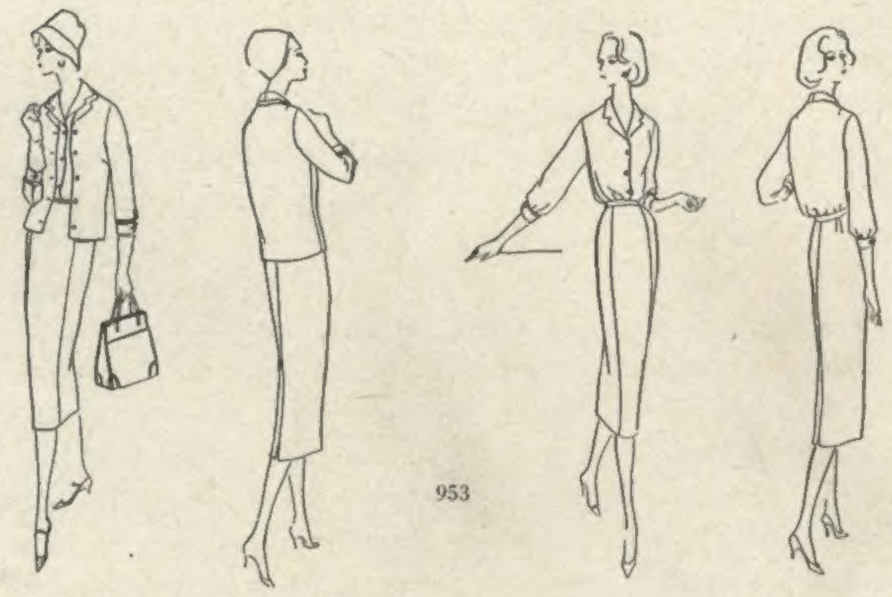


The STRIPES and the STRAW and the CONTINENTAL CUT reflect the Italian touch in this cushioned, slender-heel pump with handbag to match . . . Just one of Citations' *fashions on a shoestring* . . . at better stores, everywhere. $9.95 – $12.95

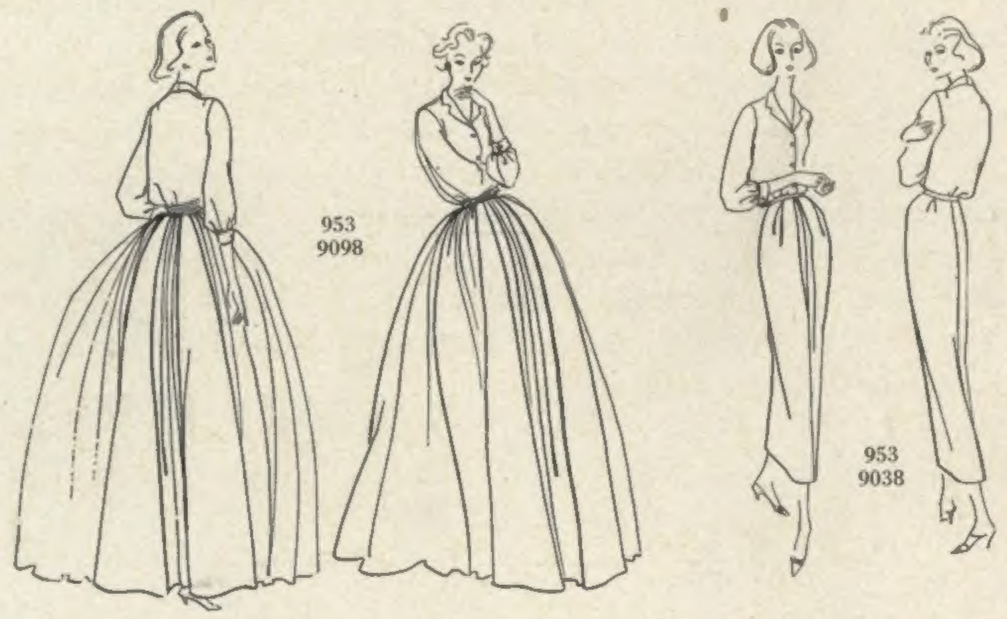
CITATIONS MAIN STREET SOMERSWORTH, NEW HAMPSHIRE

VOGUE PATTERNS

(Back views, sizes, yardages of the Patterns on pages 88-91)



Above: Four views of the contents of Pattern envelope 953—jacket, skirt, shirt. Sizes 12 to 40. For the suit, in size 14; 2⅝ yds. of 54" fabric; 1⅝ yds. 39" fabric for the jacket lining. The shirt, for size 14, in surah takes 2¼ yds. of 39" fabric. In chiffon, as it has to be cut double, 3⅞ yds. of 39" fabric are required. Price: $2.50.



Above, left: The shirt from Pattern 953 (yardages given above) with Vogue Pattern 9098—a skirt and cummerbund. Skirt sizes 24 to 30. For size 26, the skirt takes 9 yds. of 45" fabric. Skirt Pattern: 50c. *Above, right:* Again the shirt from Pattern 953 (yardages above), this time with a demi-long skirt, Pattern 9038 (Easy-to-Make). Skirt sizes 24 to 30. For size 26, 2 yds. of 54" fabric. Skirt Pattern: 50c.

VOGUE PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE AT IMPORTANT SHOPS IN EVERY CITY OR BY MAIL (POSTAGE PREPAID), FROM DEARTMENT V, VOGUE PATTERN SERVICE, GREENWICH, CONNECTICUT; AND IN CANADA, AT 198 SPADINA AVE., TORONTO, ONTARIO. (Some pattern prices are slightly higher in Canada.) Note: Connecticut residents please add sales tax. These patterns will be sent third-class mail. If you desire shipment first-class mail, please include 5c additional for each pattern ordered.

A STICK OF GREEN CANDY

(Continued from page 125)

call. She was shocked, and her heart beat hard against her ribs, but she went on. "We're going to be the only outfit in the world that can do real mountain goat fighting." She closed her eyes, seeking the dark gulf again; this time she needed to hear the men's hearts beating, more clearly than her own. A car was sounding its horn on the highway. She looked up.

"We can't climb those stone steps up there." She was shouting and pointing at the house. "No outfit can, no outfit ever will. . . ." She was desperate. "It's not for outfits. It's a flight of steps that's not for outfits . . . because it's . . . because . . ." The reason was not going to come to her. She had begun to cheat now, and she knew it would never come.

She turned her cold face away from the pit, and without dismissing her men, crept down the hill.

PRINTED BY THE CONDÉ NAST PRESS, GREENWICH, CONN., U. S. A.



Barbados!

Where Harbor Police still wear the picturesque uniforms of Nelson's day!

It's your second tropical port on your Mooremack Luxury Cruise to South America.

You're on an island of sun-soaked beaches . . . emerald sugar cane . . . where young Captain Horatio Nelson was based in 1781-82. *And if you've* never tasted flying fish — they are *delicious!* Mooremack gives you that marvelous life which only a vacation at sea can deliver!

Days aboard are exciting—or as relaxing as you wish. Make new friends, have the time of your life . . . in luxurious comfort! See your travel agent today!

S.S. ARGENTINA . . . S.S. BRAZIL . . . 38-day cruises to South America from $1,110. These 33,000-ton liners sail every three weeks from New York to:

TRINIDAD • BARBADOS • BAHIA • RIO DE JANEIRO

SANTOS (São Paulo) • MONTEVIDEO • BUENOS AIRES



MOORE-McCORMACK *Lines*

Five Broadway, New York 4, N.Y.



Beautiful Hair

BRECK



6 ounce Plastic Bottle 85¢

THERE ARE THREE BRECK SHAMPOOS FOR THREE DIFFERENT HAIR CONDITIONS

The Breck Shampoos are gentle enough in action to be used on little children. Each of the Three Breck Shampoos is made for a different hair condition. One Breck Shampoo is for dry hair. Another Breck Shampoo is for oily hair. A third Breck Shampoo is for normal hair. The next time you buy a shampoo, select the Breck Shampoo for your hair condition. A Breck Shampoo is mild and gentle in action and not drying to the hair. A Breck Shampoo leaves your hair soft, fragrant and beautiful.

The Three Breck Shampoos are available at Beauty Shops and wherever cosmetics are sold.

Copyright 1957 by John H. Breck Inc.

JOHN H BRECK INC · MANUFACTURING CHEMISTS · SPRINGFIELD 3 MASSACHUSETTS
NEW YORK · CHICAGO · SAN FRANCISCO · LOS ANGELES · OTTAWA CANADA